

Week ending March 31 1951

Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

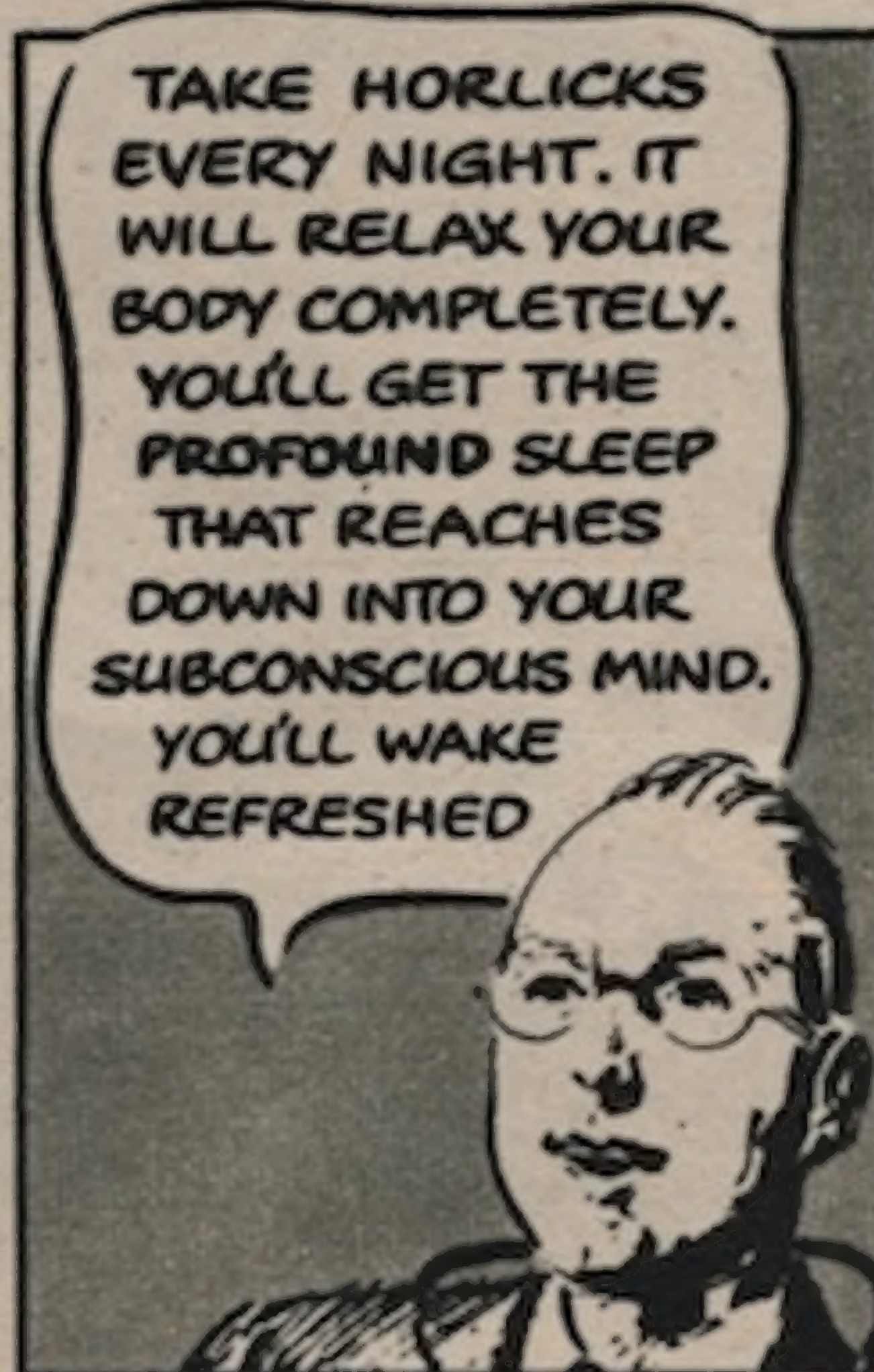
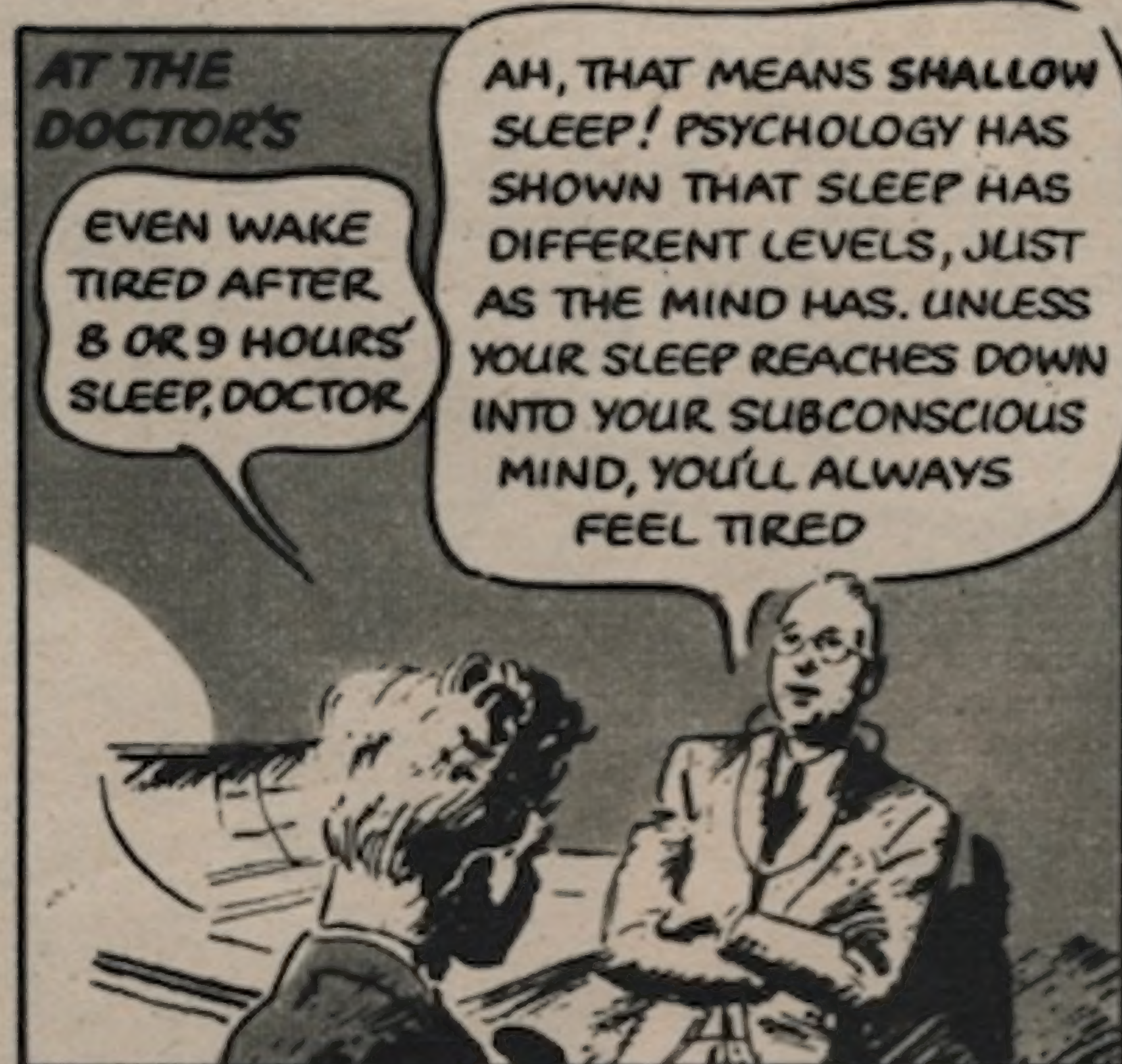
**Man who may push
Stalin into war**

by **EDWARD CRANKSHAW**

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S GREAT SERIAL
"Festival at Farbridge"



I pity the girl who marries him!



I NEVER THOUGHT ANN AND I WOULD BE ABLE TO GET MARRIED - I DIDN'T DARE SPEAK TO THE BOSS ABOUT THAT RISE WITH MY WORK AS BAD AS IT WAS. I WAS ALWAYS SO TIRED - I EVEN WOKE TIRED, BUT WHEN I SAW THE DOCTOR HE EXPLAINED HOW HORLICKS WOULD HELP ME GET THE PROFOUND SLEEP I NEEDED. HORLICKS SOON HAD ME ON MY FEET AGAIN - WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

HORLICKS

Why don't we face the facts about our weather?

BRTAIN HAS THIS WINTER again been caught out by her so-called temperate climate.

We are so used to ignoring the weather in the belief that it is, after all, incapable of going to unpleasant extremes that we do not prepare properly for the time when this superstition—for it is no more than that—is exposed by facts.

The truth is that our climate is temperate only on average over a number of years. That is the answer to much of what the school books tell us about the benign influence of the Gulf Stream, and to their patriotic assurances that we really enjoy one of the best and most equable climates in the whole world.

Complacency about the British climate, combined with our hardness as a race, has long been our undoing.

It has let us in for the full effect of an alternation of disastrous floods and disastrous droughts, of paralysing snowfalls and stupefying heatwaves, resulting in unnecessary disease and exaggerated money losses.

Sustained by the fond belief that Britons never, never shall be ruled by their climate, we repeatedly engage in a gamble against treacherous weather—a gamble almost unknown to the inhabitants of truly temperate zones such as the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

This winter, the particular intemperacy has taken the form of colossal rainfall. Last month was the wettest February for seventy years—and this followed a dreary midwinter, which succeeded an unprecedently wet autumn and a poor summer when most people's holidays were washed out.

THE results have been serious. A sun-starved population subjected to months of chilly soaking has succumbed to disease. A series of minor epidemics, on top of the heaviest plague of colds since the war, has overstrained the health services, lowered morale, and cost an incalculable amount of industrial time.

Much of this trouble was predictable—at least by the end of last October. And as it is known beyond argument that lack of sunshine reduces resistance to disease, the cold, wet summer of 1950 should have been followed by a national effort to supplement human strength with a diet richer in vitamins—if necessary in synthetic forms.

It is not enough merely to hope that a sparkling, bracing winter will be granted to us to put things right after a bad summer. The weather of

1950-1951 has again reminded us not to count on such foolish hopes.

Agriculture, from which so much is expected in this year of economic crisis and rearmament, has suffered cruelly from the intemperate rains.

Autumn wheat sowings, especially in the west country, were generally impossible, and belated winter sowings are only now being scrambled through. Hundreds of thousands of acres have not been tilled at all since last year's harvest. Instead of being fertilized by the winter action of frost and snow on ploughed ground, they have lain heavy, waterlogged and unworkable. This means not only rushed, late work in the spring, but poorer crops in the autumn.

MUCH valuable land has been completely flooded. In Somerset alone, 150,000 acres of the country's richest pastures have been drowned for six months. The Midlands, the Thames Valley and parts of East Anglia tell the same unhappy story.

And this has happened because flood control has been scamped, because drainage has been neglected—all in the comforting belief that the weather's worst never happens in "temperate" Britain.

During this winter, Scotland has had as much snow as is expected even in the Alps in a normal year. Trains, buses and even snowploughs were lost in the drifts. In Southern England, the wintry weather around Christmas helped to bring on the worst fuel crisis since the "cold spell" of 1946-47.

On the other side of the picture, it is only two years since we were beginning one of our hottest, driest summers—a summer which frizzled the pastures, slashed our milk supplies but gave an early harvest, and ended with the reservoirs empty and cracked like so much crazy paving.

Such weather antics are not those of a reliably temperate climate!

The lesson of all this is that a Britain which, in the prosperous days of old could afford to ignore its violent climatic wobbles, should now guard carefully against their effects.

Let us stop the nonsense of pretending that our climate does not affect us materially or psychologically. It does—and we can no longer afford to ignore it in an age when one year's harvest, one year's industrial production, one year's buoyant morale, may be vital to our survival.

From now on, we should be prepared to deal with the extremes of weather which recent experiences have taught us to expect.

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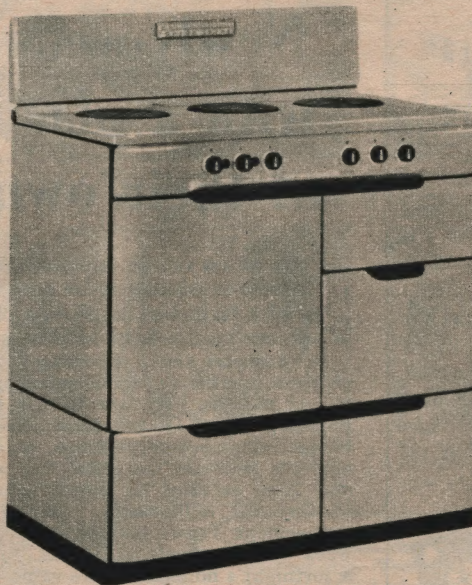
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WHEREVER THERE'S A CROWD



1/8

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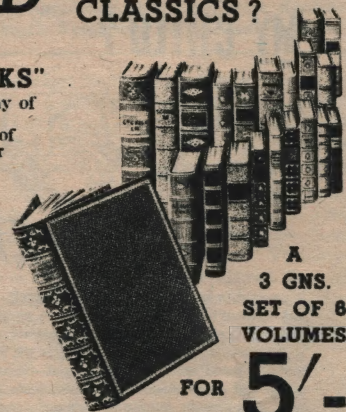
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Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle
IT'S A JEYES' PRODUCT



Newly-weds with a place of their own

SOME OF US YOUNG COUPLES do not believe in waiting to be presented with a furnished house on a plate. We do our best to help ourselves.

My husband and I were engaged for eighteen months and have been married for six months. We now have a nine-roomed house, have furnished the lounge, dining-room, kitchen, scullery and one bedroom, carpeted the hall—and have curtains for every window. We are not millionaires. During our engagement I was earning only £3 a week and my husband £5 10s. After a fortnight's honeymoon we came back to live with my parents for five months. And in the meantime, either one or both of us attended every auction sale in town. Then we bought our house (mortgage terms, of course).

Our salaries now are higher than they were, but we still need many things for our home, and I still work at my job full-time. In the evenings we share the household chores. We can't afford a family for a few years, but we have got a place of our own and we do enjoy life. In case anyone thinks all this happened years ago—I am just twenty-one.—MRS. R. ELKS, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Baby Before A House

WHILE FLAT-HUNTING, my wife and I were astonished when a prospective landlady told us we were "improvident" because, after six years of marriage, we had a baby before a house. "You young people," said this woman, "have babies with no thought of the consequences, and then expect me to take pity on you." As she wanted to charge us three guineas for a basement flat, I am not sure where the pity came in. The "no children" ban in flats is a nightmare. And what has happened to human kindness?—H. G., Cheltenham.

"Festival At Farbridge"

PRIESTLEY'S IS A REAL WORLD, and his people are real people. Reading the first part of *Festival at Farbridge* in JOHN BULL, I was struck by an unusual quality in the writing—the vision and the aptness of it. With the subsequent two parts, I realized what this quality is—it's the truth about all of us who are alive in Britain today, told by a man who can see it and write about it with tremendous humorous gusto.—J. S. FINLAYSON, Temple Fortune, London, N.W.11.

... Priestley has done it again. In *The Good Companions*—I well remember how reading it took precedence over my school homework—he presented a brilliant and true picture of the England of the late twenties. In *Festival at Farbridge* he has captured, to a remarkable degree, the whole spirit of today. Comparisons are always odious, but it seems to me so far that *Festival at Farbridge* is the work of a brilliant mature writer; *The Good Companions* was that of a brilliant young writer.—JOHN NEEDHAM, Colchester, Essex.

... I carry the problems of three strangers on my shoulders these days—those of Commodore Tribe, Laura Casey and Theodore Jenks. I cannot

honestly remember knowing fictitious characters so intimately before. At odd moments throughout the day I find myself speculating over the situation—J. B. Priestley has built for them. I never thought I'd do that over characters in a book. There's no doubt in my mind that Priestley is head and shoulders above any author writing in English in our time.—MRS. L. P., Liverpool.

Other Side Of The Counter

CUSTOMERS GRUMBLE about dirty handling in foodshops. As I work in a shop, I know the other side of the problem. Three of our six assistants handle unwrapped foodstuffs. Since we have some 1,300 registrations, these three have to cope with at least 800 filthy ration books. And there are the dogs that follow customers into the shop and roam about at will—despite warning notices about dogs and leads. It is only fair, I feel, that both sides of the counter should be responsible for making the cleaner food campaign work.—I. E., Sheffield.

UP A PENNY

BEGINNING next week, JOHN BULL will cost fourpence instead of threepence.

While deeply regretting this rise in price, the Editor and Publishers ask readers to note that:

The cost of our printing paper alone has risen to nearly five times as much as in 1939. It is still rising. And other production costs have gone up in proportion.

It is no longer possible to maintain the present value to the reader at the low price of threepence a copy. But the policy of JOHN BULL, as regular readers know, is to give better and better value. This policy will be maintained at the new price.

Besides being enormously expensive, paper is again in short supply, and copies for casual purchase are likely to be more and more restricted. Readers who have not yet placed a firm order with their newsagent or bookstall are strongly urged to do so.

Rearming Germany

YOUR EDITORIAL ON European Defence (March 10) omitted the real objection to German rearmament. There are "good" Germans. But are the recruits for the proposed German Army likely to come from among them or from the ranks of the disillusioned young Nazis who know no trade but violence and bloodshed?

I quote from a letter from a German friend: "The majority of German youth are not willing to re-enter an

army, except those who have been officers and wish to become officers again."—E. H., Ipswich, Suffolk.

... If we are to choose between two evils—either eventual political eclipse under Communism or the rearming of our late enemies for the maintenance of a free way of life, then we must choose the latter and lesser evil. The rest of the United Nations will certainly see to it that Germany does not become so strong as to be a menace again.—FRANK FLETCHER, 150 Lodge Street, Queen's Road, Manchester, 9.

Nice Little Liechtenstein

VISITS TO PLACES like Liechtenstein (described in Ronald W. Clark's JOHN BULL article) need not remain a dream. Resolving to go there for a holiday, I stopped smoking for ten months and raised sufficient funds to take my wife and two-and-a-half year old daughter with me. We stayed in a delightful little hotel near Vaduz and found costs reasonable. The little land of Liechtenstein offers such a contrast to life elsewhere in Europe; no war for centuries, no shortages, unsurpassable mountain scenery. Twenty minutes' walk takes one to Switzerland, a short train journey to Austria or Germany. But there's no call to dash off elsewhere; the peaceful ways of Liechtenstein have much to offer us in these turbulent days.—J. GORDON HALLIDAY, 12 Hurstleigh Terrace, Harrogate, Yorkshire.

Don't Shoot The Projectionist

AS A CINEMA PROJECTIONIST, it annoys me at times how much patrons take for granted. We always try to put over a film to the best of our ability, but occasional hitches are unavoidable. When one does occur, there is an outburst of catcalls and whistles from all over the cinema.—L. W. GREENHILL, 19 Craigie Street, Dundee.

Cuppa In The Post Office

STAYING IN A CORNISH VILLAGE, I found I was too early for the fried fish and chips I wanted, so I went into the post office to shelter from the rain. To my surprise and pleasure, the postmistress asked her assistant to make tea for me, and in a few minutes a cup of tea and biscuits appeared. I shall not forget this gesture.—MISS D. INGRAM, 67 Edna Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Stigma Of Spinster

OUTSIDE A REGISTER OFFICE I read the proclamation of marriage banns between So-and-So, bachelor, and Somebody, spinster. "Living Language" (JOHN BULL, March 3) explained the origin of spinster, but as the unmarried women of today seldom spin, and the term conjures up a sour-visaged, vinegary female, surely "bachelor" or "single" would be more appropriate on official documents.—MISS M. B. ERSKINE, Davaar, Kirn, Dunoon, Argyllshire.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

STEVEN SPURRIER, who is both an A.R.A. and member of the Royal Society of British Artists, has been illustrating and painting for fifty years. A Londoner, he is married and has two sons. When not working in London, he spends his time sailing and sketching in a little fishing village on the Sussex coast, where he has a studio. Here he painted his cover picture "Washing Day."



JACQUES FATH



"... all alone, and wondering"

WHEN WE ARE ALL ALONE and wondering if anyone cares, it is proper to say: *I don't care what people think. But when we are deeply in love, we just wouldn't notice if other people were walking on their hands. We have the sublime self-satisfaction that belongs to confirmed and convinced converts . . . like those lucky ones who gratefully accept the blessing conferred by Craven 'A's natural cork tip, so kind to the lips, and the benison of that rich tobacco, so kind to the throat. They've found it, others haven't.*

Those who smoke Craven 'A' seldom care for other cigarettes



DO YOU THINK WAR IS LIKELY?

A QUIZ

YOU MUST ANSWER

NEVER AGAIN?	
IN FIVE YEARS?	
TWO YEARS?	
ONE YEAR OR LESS?	

Can you honestly put your tick against the top line? If you can't, your duty is clear. Only if we are trained and ready can we hope to discourage attack or survive if war should come.

Are YOU trained and ready for an emergency? Untrained volunteers will be useless, if it should come. That's why thousands are wanted now in Civil Defence. Enrol in one of these Services today:

CIVIL DEFENCE CORPS • AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE
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MANY USES



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LET 'ASPRO' DEAL WITH
SPRINGTIME ILLS AND CHILLS

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Made by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks



With all my worldly goods

Bless them! What *are* his worldly goods? A wireless set (1941), an old motor-cycle, a house (on mortgage). But don't let's worry—after the honeymoon he will couple his life assurance with his mortgage. So should the worst happen the house will belong to his wife. And the sooner he starts the better! Yes, the Refuge representative is going to help this couple to live happily ever after. . . .



Miss Ada Emptiplate of Sutton
Eats beef or ham, or veal or mutton.
Miss Ada eats a meal that's square
With two Rennies as an after-care!



But what a case is Auntie Ida
Who often has a pain inside her . . .
Alas, alas . . . ah, lack-a-day . . .
She doesn't know the Rennies way.

Suck two Rennies slowly, like sweets...to restore acid balance

Too much stomach acid is often the cause of after-meals pain . . . but abrupt alkalisation can be equally painful. By sucking Rennies *slowly*, the neutralising agents are gently, quickly, fully absorbed. Drip-by-drip, Rennies restore correct acid balance! If Rennies *don't* relieve your indigestion, do see your doctor.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES**
for happy stomachs



WORLD PROJECT STORY



Buller raised his axe, and then, as he saw the tiger gather itself for another spring, he felt in his nostrils what he had been waiting for

THE FLYING TIGER

by KENNETH GRENVILLE MYER

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

What's the drill when a tiger breaks loose in an aeroplane? For Buller, it was no academic question

CAPTAIN MARTIN BULLER surveyed the tiger doubtfully. The tiger stared back unblinkingly. Neither of them liked each other much. It was cool in the shade of the great hangar, but only comparatively, because the temperature in the sun was over 120 degrees. Buller fingered the collar of his shirt. It was limp with sweat. The sweat ran in rivulets down the side of his round, red face with the rather stupid expression and the pair of bright blue, bovine eyes. The tiger looked quite comfortable, but alert, watchful and

extremely unpleasant. Buller thought it was a good thing that the steel bars of the tiger's cage separated them.

The tiger was part of a cargo which was being flown to England from Calcutta, there to be distributed to zoos all over Europe. There were some Himalayan Kolka pheasants, there were two hyenas, half a dozen lemurs, a desert fox, a wild dog, unlimited monkeys, and case after case of wild birds. Nearly all had been purchased in the Calcutta market, and had been brought out to the aircraft early that morning by rattling lorries along the crowded road that leads to

Dum-Dum Airport. They had been stowed quickly and methodically into the aircraft, which had an uneventful flight to Karachi.

While the plane was being refuelled and the animals fed, Buller had taken time to look at the tiger, and what he saw he disliked. It must have been over ten feet long from the tip of its gently waving tail to its broad, flat nose with the strong, coarse whiskers. Its fur was in first-class condition. He had been told that the tiger had only been captured a fortnight ago, in the wild jungle north-east of Siliguri. The tiger was unduly dark in colour, the broad, tawny stripes with the bold black cross markings were sombre in shade, and where the hair turned white under the belly, the stripes seemed to continue farther than in the average beast. The eyes were large and black, and as Buller watched, the tiger opened his mouth and he saw that one of its back teeth was missing.

Buller was joined by the second pilot, a tall, lanky Londoner called Steve.

"Nasty looking brute, sir."

"I don't like the look of him," said Buller. "There's something about that tiger which worries me. I think it's because he doesn't seem nervous. Every other animal I've flown with has been scared out of its life, terrified of the lorry, the cages, the people and, most of all, of course, the aircraft. I can't think why this brute hasn't turned a hair."

"Perhaps he hasn't been stirred up," Steve suggested. He bent swiftly and picked up a small piece of broken concrete from the hangar floor and tossed it casually between the bars of the tiger's cage. Quick as a flash, the animal



In a flash, the tiger caught the rock. Steve almost laughed. It seemed funny to him then

opened its mouth, caught it, and spat it out disgustedly. It resumed its unblinking watchfulness.

"See that?" said Steve. "It's just naturally amiable; maybe we could teach it to do tricks."

He picked up another lump. Buller laid a restraining hand on the man's arm. "I shouldn't do that if I were you," he said heavily. "What's wrong with that tiger is that it's altogether too familiar with the ways of man."

"Maybe you're right," said Steve, who thought it was too hot to argue, anyway. "Time we were moving." He turned his back on Buller, and made his way into the block of buildings reserved for aircrew.

Wilson, navigator and radio man, was stocky and dark, and his eyes were small and deep-set. He was sitting on the edge of a chair, clad only in a singlet and shirt.

"Hallo, Steve," he grunted lazily, waving his hand in a futile effort to ward off the flies. "Seen the old man?"

"He's out there looking at the tiger. Got some fancy that it's something out of the ordinary. You know how he gets these ideas."

"Humour him, just humour him," said Wilson. He picked up his trousers and began to dress.

The flight to Basra was uneventful. It was only six hours from Karachi. An alleyway had been left along the port side of the aircraft. Once, Buller went back to inspect the cages. He bent down to look at the tiger. His cage was on the floor of the aircraft, with a number of smaller and lighter cages piled on top of it. For a moment, he thought the animal was asleep, but by the light of his torch he could see those large, unwinking black eyes. The tiger lay on its stomach, its forepaws extended, the claws sheathed—waiting. As Buller watched, the tiger threw back its head and yawned.

THE night stop at Basra was just like other night stops, and in the morning they were once again airborne for Cairo. The trouble started when they were over the Nile valley.

Far away on the desert ahead of them, they could see the shadows of the storm that was towering in their path. The great cumulus clouds reached towards them, one atop the other, skimming the desert sand dunes and reaching up well over thirty thousand feet.

"Better go round this lot, hadn't we?" said Steve, who was at the controls.

"Not much hope," said Wilson. "The last report I had was that this storm stretched from one end of the Mediterranean to the other."

"We'll have to go through it, then," said Buller, "and we'll take it high—let's climb."

The nose of the aircraft tilted upwards. A few minutes later, they were in great banks of swirling white mists. They flew on, uncomfortably aware that at any moment almost anything might happen. It did. Suddenly the cloud opened. For

a brief second they could see the ground far below them, and then the aircraft fell like a stone.

It was all over in a moment; probably they hadn't fallen more than a hundred feet, but the jerk with which they came out of the air pocket was sufficient to break the ropes that held the cages in position.

Buller looked back into the aircraft. The cages, instead of being stacked in neat, orderly rows, the smaller ones on top of the larger, had been flung anyhow across the aircraft—the little alleyway down which he had made his inspection was lost to sight, blocked by small cages. The tiger's cage, placed for convenience opposite the big double doors through which they loaded the aircraft, was also lost to sight.

"I hope George is all right," said Steve. He shot a quick look at Buller.

"The tiger?" said Buller anxiously. "I hope so, too. He's too clever, that animal." Steve caught Wilson's eye and winked.

Just a moment later, the same thing happened again. The aeroplane plummeted down like a stone and was once more brought up short. Buller took over the controls himself.

"That's enough to rip the wings off her," remarked Wilson, his ear cocked for any unwelcome sound behind him. And then it came. A full-throated roar, the cry of an outraged beast.

For a moment, they could see nothing, and then some of the cages exploded upwards, as, with a shake of his shoulders, the tiger's head appeared above the litter of broken boxes and torn wire netting. Level with the great jaws was a monkey, still imprisoned in his small cage. The tiger's head turned sideways. With slow and almost methodical movements, he stripped the wire netting from the front of it, and then reached forward into the recesses. There was a shrill cry of terror from the monkey. Silence. And the tiger's head appeared with its beard bespattered with blood.

STEVE and Wilson watched, horrorstruck. Buller was fully occupied piloting the aircraft. And then, as suddenly as they had entered the storm clouds, they were out of them. The sun shone above them, the sky was blue, the light was dazzling, and in that bright, cloudless day the tiger behind them shook himself. The cages flew in every direction. Buller slid out of his seat.

"Take over," he said to Steve. His hand reached for the axe.

"A rifle," cried Steve. "What wouldn't I give for a rifle." By international law, they were forbidden to carry firearms.

"Keep her climbing," said Buller. "Whatever you do, keep her nose up."

He turned to face the tiger, the axe grasped firmly in his right hand. In front of him were two cages, breast-high, containing leopards. The leopards had smelt blood and were nearly frantic, twisting and turning in their cages, and snarling furiously, their tails twitching like metronomes. At one end of the leopard cages was an upright cage containing a brown Himalayan bear. The three cages formed a solid breastwork which stretched almost right across the aircraft. Behind them was the tiger, with the piles of cages, twisted at all angles, pressing down upon his back. In the little clear space which lay between them, Buller could see straight into the tiger's black, expressionless eyes.

The aircraft tilted steeply as Steve kept her climbing as speedily as he dared. Balanced precariously on the leopard's cage was a cage containing two of the Kolka pheasants. Taking his eyes from the tiger a moment, Buller saw the cage shifting slowly, inch by inch, towards the tiger. What would happen, he thought, when the cage fell over? He shifted his gaze back to the tiger, whose mouth opened again, and it roared terrifyingly at him. Hypnotized by the eyes and the markings of the face of the great beast, Buller sensed rather than saw that he was gathering himself for a spring.

Timing it to a nicety, he swung the axe and knocked the case of pheasants full into the tiger's face. The animal snarled under the blow, but he couldn't see Buller. The cage had wedged itself between two others. To spring now, the tiger would have to squeeze himself through the three or four feet between the top of it, and the roof of the aircraft. Buller heaved a sigh of relief. Without turning his head, he muttered to

Wilson: "Send a message telling them all about it."

Steve said: "How much longer have I got to keep climbing?"

"Where are we?" Buller asked.

"Eighteen thousand feet, and we're fifty miles from Cairo. We ought to start going down."

"Keep her nose up," said Buller, "until I give you the word." It was then that Wilson realized what he had in his mind.

"Steve," began Buller again, and then stopped, for as he watched, a brown-and-black striped paw felt delicately round the edge of the box containing the pheasants. Buller raised his axe and hesitated. To strike the tiger might precipitate matters. Merely to wound him could mean the death of them all. He lowered his axe and waited. The paw felt delicately for the edge of the box and pushed it tentatively. The box moved. The tiger touched it again. It trembled and slipped down. Placing his paw on top this time, the tiger crushed it to fragments, and once again the man and the beast were facing each other, separated only by the breastwork of crates.

Buller raised his axe, and then, as he saw the tiger gather itself again to spring, he felt strongly in his nostrils what he had been waiting for, what he had been praying for, what he had believed wouldn't happen in time.

He felt short of breath.

The chatter of the frightened animals took on a new note—it grew shrill in his ears, and then gradually seemed to fade away. He heard Wilson's voice dimly, asking if he wanted an oxygen mask. To his surprise, his own voice sounded almost normal as he answered. With one hand, he put on the mask Wilson passed to him, still keeping his grip on the axe. The tiger's tail switched angrily from side to side. The muscles rippled under the thick, tawny coat.

"Bank!" he cried to Steve. "To port!" The huge aircraft tilted. The crates began to move. The tiger was pinned in again. The animal roared with frustration, and with its great paws smashed the cases to matchwood, and soon the aircraft was filled with terrified birds flying crazily in the confined space.

Unable to speak now, Buller signalled to Steve to take the aircraft up again.

NOW they were nearing the 25,000-foot mark. Then they were past it, and in the rarefied atmosphere the tiger and the birds collapsed in a stupor. Buller lowered the axe and returned to his seat.

"What do we do now?" asked Steve. Buller hesitated. "We can't stay up here all day."

"Wait and see," said Buller sharply. "I know what I'm going to do."

"Lose the cargo overboard?" said Steve.

"No," said Buller, "I'm going to kill that tiger."

He drew himself up and stood on top of the leopard cages. The tiger lay stretched out beneath his feet. The thing to do, he thought, is to jump with the axe on to that great neck and sever the head in one blow.

Buller wondered if the tiger was out. It looks, he thought, almost as if he was shamming. He drew the axe up above his head and prepared to jump, and then he lowered it.

"I can't do it," he said. "There's another way. Where are we?"

"We're above the airport," said Steve. "But a long way above."

"Pass me that coil of rope from the life-saving equipment." Leaving the axe on top of the cage, Buller jumped down beside the unconscious animal. Swiftly, he tied the animal's legs together and bound the rope as firmly as he could round the bloodstained muzzle. He climbed back to the front of the cabin.

"Let's go down," he said. Far below them, men with nets and rifles were waiting. He wondered if the ropes would hold. He hoped so. He couldn't do it again. If they had to climb again, either he or the tiger would die. **THE END**

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"The Flying Tiger" is the second of five British entries in the World Story Project

Man who may push Stalin into war

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

As Russia's deputy leader, Vyacheslav Molotov is no stooge. And behind his power is a dangerous recklessness

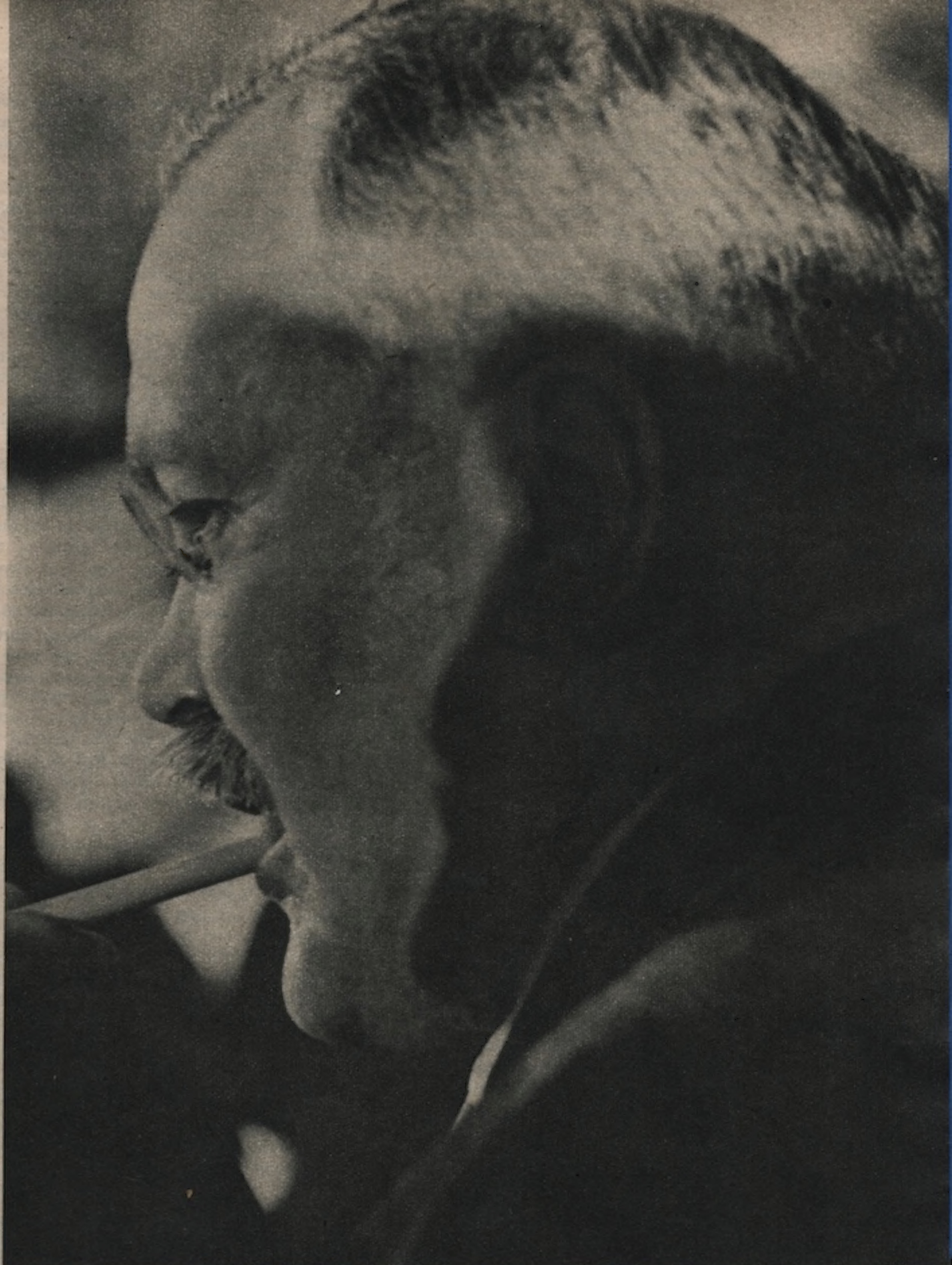
WHEN VYACHESLAV M. MOLOTOV gave up the Soviet Foreign Ministry to Andrei Vishinsky in the spring of 1949, a great many people assumed that he had fallen out with Stalin or, at least, that there would be a radical change in Russian foreign policy. Thereafter, the emergence of the younger Georgi Malenkov into the limelight lent support to this view. But, to the careful observer, it has always been evident that Molotov was far from finished and that he, more than any other man, is responsible for the aggressiveness of Russia's foreign policy. This is evident in his recent appearance at the satellites' conference in Prague, where he warned the West against rearming Germany, in his standing in for Stalin at the last October Revolution celebration, and in the whole pattern of Communist aggression in the Far East.

The confusion about Molotov, which reflects the much wider confusion about the Soviet Government, goes back to those fateful May days in 1939 when he suddenly took over the Foreign Office from Maxim M. Litvinov and proceeded to make friends with Hitler. That was, indeed, a change of policy.

But what was never properly understood is that the substitution of Molotov for Litvinov was not the supersession of an anti-German Foreign Minister by a pro-German Foreign Minister, but much more: the deliberate assumption by the Politburo of full and public responsibility for foreign policy at a moment of crisis. Litvinov, like Vishinsky today, was simply an instrument. Molotov was a principal; for eight years he had been prime minister of the U.S.S.R. and, as such, Stalin's right-hand man and constitutional mouthpiece. When, in Stalin's eyes, the German crisis had reached such a pitch that it could be solved only by a radical change of policy carried out by a Bolshevik leader of the highest calibre, Molotov was detailed for the job. It was the same sort of thinking which, in 1941, impelled Stalin himself to assume from Molotov the nominal premiership to rally the country under Hitler's attack.

To understand the Molotov of today it is necessary to know something of the Molotov of thirty years ago. The idea that he is Stalin's hack dies hard. Trotsky had a great deal to do with it, and so did the brilliant editor of *Pravda*, Karl Radek. Radek called Molotov "Stone-bottom" because of his infinite capacity for sitting quietly at a desk and working hard.

Lenin is said to have called Molotov "the best filing clerk in Moscow"; but Lenin died



"Molotov reflects the paradoxical Russian mixture of contempt and obsessive fear of the West"

before Molotov emerged from obscurity, though not before he had a belated glimpse of Stalin in his true colours—and already Molotov was Stalin's right-hand man. Since Trotsky deliberately wrote Stalin down as a nonentity, that meant Molotov, as Stalin's aide, must be a nonentity of nonentities.

He Hit Back At Trotsky

And yet Trotsky knew all about Molotov. In the early days of his struggle with Stalin, he tried to get at him through his young men, among them Molotov. One day, it is recorded, Trotsky attacked him more vengefully than usual and Molotov, the pale young man, jumped up and lashed back into the face of the brilliant, extravagant doctrinaire who thought himself the supreme authority on revolution: "Very well, Comrade Trotsky. We can't all be geniuses, but we shall see who lasts longest."

Molotov lasted longest. He also went on being underrated. If the statesmen of the West had known anything about his early history, they might have been less surprised by the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. If, later, the statesmen of the West had been able to think of Molotov as a statesman in his own right and not merely as

Stalin's yes-man, the history of the last six years might have been different indeed. And we still have not learned: for we still tend to think of Molotov as the man who effaces himself and stands to attention when Stalin is speaking to his eminent visitors from the West. No doubt he does. He salutes, as it were, a superior officer.

By birth and upbringing Molotov was bourgeois to the core. Born in 1890 in a small town of Vyatka province, he was baptized Vyacheslav Mikhailovitch Scriabin, and his paternal uncle was the celebrated composer of that name. Young Scriabin was to become a civil servant like his father, but not in the small town of a backwater province chiefly famous for its exiles. He was sent to St. Petersburg (now Leningrad); but instead of preparing for a career he turned revolutionary and devoted himself to fighting the society in which he was supposed to have mildly shone.

To look at him, quiet and precise—if quick-tempered—steady, conscientious, a glutton for work, nothing could have been more out of keeping. That is, until one asks what kind of revolutionary he was. And then one finds the answer.

At that time, the capital was full of student

revolutionaries planning Utopias to be reached through blood and fire. At first, young Scriabin held aloof. But, having decided that the Tsarist system was rotten to the heart and should not survive, he pondered how it was to be thrown down. Not, surely, by heroic outbursts, assassinations or appeals to the people, who were simply an uncouth mob. If he, an unprotected nonentity, proposed to upset the established power, he needed a careful, elaborate and tortuous plan.

The only man with such a plan appeared to be the German, Karl Marx, who had died in 1883. And, in young Scriabin's view, the only Russian who really understood Marx was Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin, leader of the smallest and dullest fraction of the Social Democrat Party. The thing to do, therefore, was to join the Bolsheviks. At sixteen, in 1906, he did so and changed his name to Molotov, which in Russian means "The Hammer." There must have been amused glances among his colleagues when this rather solemn, cold young man called himself The Hammer.

In Charge When Storm Broke

He did good underground work in St. Petersburg. In 1909 he was mildly exiled for two years. In 1912 he helped to found *Pravda*. In 1915 he was exiled for three years to deep Siberia, but escaped a year later. In March, 1917, he was back in St. Petersburg, by then called Petrograd. When the storm broke, he was very much in charge of the Bolsheviks there; for most of the big names were in Switzerland or America. Kamenev, Sverdlov and Stalin were in exile in Siberia.

Molotov sat in Petrograd, editing *Pravda*, keeping the party aloof from the revolutionary turmoil which had nothing in common with Lenin's idea of planned and calculated revolution, and preserving a party line which commended itself to Lenin. Thus, when Stalin and his fellow conspirators returned from Siberia, still in advance of Lenin, Molotov handed over an intact party machine in good working order, saluted, and retreated into the background. Stalin and Kamenev proceeded to undo his work and thereby aroused Lenin's anger. When the great man returned Stalin quickly recovered. Kamenev never. Molotov watched.

Stalin had seen Molotov, at twenty-seven, keeping his head in the midst of chaos and

seeing the real issues more clearly than even Stalin had seen them. For Stalin, too, had ideas, and needed young men he could understand and trust.

In young Molotov Stalin found his first choice. On the Military Revolutionary Committee which prepared the coup that overthrew the provisional government, Molotov showed his drive and organizing ability, his curious mixture of infinite patience and ferocious striking power. In 1922 Stalin got Molotov on to the Secretariat of the Central Committee; in 1924 on to the Politburo; in 1929 on to the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee. In 1931 Molotov became, in succession to Rykov, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R.—or prime minister.

Stalin remained in the background, as Secretary General of the party. For ten years, until 1941 when Stalin himself took over the premiership, Molotov ran the country on Stalin's behalf. They were the terrible years of the purges through which those who had shown opposition to Stalin, including many of Molotov's senior colleagues, were brutally exterminated.

In this Molotov never flinched, just as, during the atrocities of collectivization, he had gone to the worst affected areas to tell local party leaders they must give no quarter to the *kulaks*; just as, after the suicide of Stalin's wife, he is reported to have sustained Stalin at the only moment the master's iron nerve weakened; just as he had urged Stalin in the early thirties that it would be fatal to conciliate the internal opposition and give the people more rope, as Kirov and others advised before Kirov's assassination in 1934.

The Signal To Ribbentrop

Molotov had no time for foreign affairs in those days. He had never been abroad. Certainly he had served in the Comintern, but his great preoccupation was helping Stalin to force the country through its industrial revolution and to crush all domestic opposition.

Then, in 1939, with the country brought to heel but with the German menace getting out of hand, he turned his gaze away from Russia towards the outside world. With the British haggling in the National Hotel across the road from the Kremlin, with the Americans urging the world to stand against Hitler while showing no

signs of taking a hand themselves, Molotov signalled to Joachim von Ribbentrop to come over and sign an agreement to divide the world.

This was the first display of the essential Molotov to the outside world. He has been repeating that performance ever since. A Russian of the Russians, and a Bolshevik by temperament, he stands for the security of the Revolution in a world which is and must be hostile to the Revolution.

In his mind the best security is the aggrandizement of the Soviet Union by all methods short of open war, for he must know that open war, for many years to come, though it might lay the West in ruins, would also spell the end of Stalin's Russia. He reflects to an extraordinary degree the paradoxical Russian mixture of contempt and obsessive fear of the West—heightened by Bolshevik contempt for the non-Communist world. It is a frightening mixture.

He Presses Too Ruthlessly

And there is also his recklessness when he decides the moment for attack has come. By pressing too ruthlessly during collectivization he nearly made an end of the régime. By pressing too ruthlessly during the purges he nearly broke the country's economy for good and all. During the uneasy alliance with Hitler he presumed too arrogantly on his power to put pressure on Hitler; it was certainly his forcing tactics in the Balkans which made Hitler decide to attack as soon as he did.

Since the war he has returned to the first principles of Leninism and has exploited all the ferment in the world to Russia's apparent advantage. But the same recklessness which broke up the pact with Hitler all too soon for Russia is still there. It was apparent in the way he bluffed the West into believing that the postwar Soviet Union, exhausted and demoralized, was ten times stronger than it was. It was apparent in his provocation of the Berlin crisis after, with his characteristic threats, he had declared war on the Marshall Plan. It has been seen recently in his tactics in the Far East, tactics designed not only to weaken the West by embroiling it in war with China but also to keep China itself from becoming a great Power.

How can one say where Molotov's influence begins and ends in his collaboration with Stalin on foreign policy? And does it matter, provided we rid ourselves of the habit of thinking of this terrible and dangerous man—dangerous above all because of the limitations of his thought and imagination—as a mere stooge, or feeder, to an absolute dictator? We know that Stalin is increasingly delegating the management of the state. We know, also, Stalin has an instinct, which Molotov seems to lack, that tells him the Western world, for all its apparent ineffectiveness, should not be treated with the bottomless contempt in which Molotov holds it.

We know that there are disagreements within the Politburo, as there must be in every group of powerful and overweening ambitious men. But we do not know just how those divisions run. We know that Molotov is still Stalin's chief deputy; but we also know that Malenkov occupies a position almost as exalted and, perhaps, potentially more powerful, since he has the party in his pocket and is a more forceful personality.

Only one thing is certain: if ever Soviet tactics precipitate another world war, the responsibility will be, above all, Molotov's, not for willing a war, but for pressing too hard. As for the future, if Stalin died tomorrow, Molotov would almost certainly succeed him as head of the state. If he has Malenkov with him, it is likely that Molotov will maintain that position until such time as the Soviet Union either manages to pull itself up by its own bootlaces to something like parity with America, or until the desperate pressure proves too much for the machine and it breaks down. If he has Malenkov, whose ambition is unbounded, against him, then anything may happen.

THE END



"Molotov will be responsible if war comes." Here he is in his usual place—at Stalin's right hand



Snapshots from Margaret's album. Sinclair; his dog Brownie, a husky; and George, an Indian boy



Margaret: courting was top secret, she found

WHITE SQUAW (2)

Continuing the moving true story of her life among the Red Indians, a young English girl tells how she fell in love with Sinclair, a Brave from the Swampy Cree tribe

I MUST HAVE LOOKED A VERY forlorn figure as I shivered on the icy banks of the Moose River. A young English girl of nineteen from a comfortable home in Epsom, Surrey, stranded in a Red Indian village way up in Northern Ontario, Canada! And not only stranded, but without a friendly roof for a night's shelter from an icy November gale.

It was the ambition to live and work among the Red Indians that had brought me to the tiny island of Moose Factory in April, 1949, some six months previously. I had taken a job as supervisor in a mission school that cared for a hundred or so Red Indian children. Things had gone well until I began to mix too freely with the Indians of the village. The white "mem-sahibs" had not liked that, and I had been transferred to another school in Alberta.

Shortly afterwards, I got a letter from my Indian friend, Ruby Fairies. If I really wanted to know how the Indians lived, she wrote, why not come back to Moose Factory and live among the Swampy Cree tribe with her family? Well,

My courtship with "Big Fellow"

by MARGARET CHEECHOO

here I was back again—to find that not only had Ruby forgotten all about her invitation but that there was no room for me in her home.

I must have looked really miserable, because Ruby's brother, Andy, whom I had met on the way, smiled—a thing he rarely did. "I take you to school," he said kindly. "Matron fix you up tonight. Tomorrow I get you place in village." And with that we made our way over the bush trail towards Bishop Horden School.

Mary Loutit's Welcome

There had been changes in Bishop Horden's staff in the two months I had been away in Alberta, and in the school kitchen next day I found Ruby working as cook. They could put me up at a pinch in her father's house, she said; but her sister Clara had a better idea: their grandmother was living alone in a house with two bedrooms, and if I stayed with her, she suggested, I would be both a help and company. As I had no wish to remain at the school longer than was absolutely necessary, we went to see the old lady right away.

We came upon her on the veranda of one of the village's few two-storeyed houses, sweeping snow off the steps: a tiny old woman with a tough, weathered skin of a reddish-brown colour, and deep, tight wrinkles converging on her

toothless mouth and high slanting eyes. Her hair was white and cut in a limp bob, and she was dressed in an old black skirt, moccasins and a parka, the hooded Indian wind-proof jacket with the fur worn inside. Her name, I had been told, was Mary Loutit.

Ruby went up to her and said something in Cree, and Mary came down the steps with arms extended. "Very glad you come," she said in a cracked, old voice. "You be happy here."

We went inside, into the characteristic smell of an Indian home, which I discovered later came from a combination of wood and drying skins. The living-room was dominated by two large stoves with their chimneys going up into the ceiling to warm the bedrooms. One of the stoves had a range for cooking; the other provided extra warmth. It was a homely little room, tattered but reassuring, with dog-eared Gospel texts on the walls, some old furniture, and a pole for drying clothes suspended horizontally from the ceiling between the two stoves.

Mary grabbed my bag and lugged it energetically up the steps which led into a very lived-in-looking bedroom, so small that the bed, table with a lamp and old photographs propped against it, small wardrobe, wash-basin and a wooden trunk filled it completely. This was

Continued on page 22

Petula Clark is Mr. Clark's poppet

by DON EVERITT

Her father wants her to remain the unspoilt "universal Miss Smith." So he bans all leg pictures and risqué situations

A FEW WEEKS AGO, PETULA CLARK, a teenage star with nine years' experience in the theatre, films and radio, was offered the leading part of Penny, a costumier's assistant, in a film adaptation of the comedy *Madame Louise*. Her father read the script and replied that she would accept only if certain modifications were made.

The first of these was concerned with two or three occasions when Penny is co-operating on clothing designs with her manager, and her boy friend calls unexpectedly. Finding her each time in a situation which he misconstrues—partial undress, for instance—he promptly clouts the manager. Petula's father wanted this suggestiveness removed. Then, in a scene towards the end of the story, the manager demonstrates on Penny a four-in-one dress which he has designed. At the climax of much buffoonery this falls off, leaving her in brassière and panties. Here, Leslie Clark stipulated that his daughter must wear a slip of at least knee length.

The fact that Petula Clark is now making the film, complete with modifications, is just one more indication of how well her father's management and his insistence on "nothing the least bit risqué" for his daughter are succeeding. At eighteen years four months his slight, blue-eyed, mousy-haired daughter is one of the most popular female entertainment personalities in Britain. She is the resident singing star in *Calling All Forces*, a weekly radio show with a British audience of 10,000,000. In January, she

was voted top television performer, and in a Voice of the Year ballot she was the only woman in the first ten.

Her success is due almost entirely to skilful direction from her forty-two year old father. Petula is a living proof that the backstage film fable can come off; that a rocklike determination on the part of a parent with theatrical aspirations for his (or, more often, her) child can overcome considerable odds. Leslie Clark has managed his daughter since her first church social concert twelve years ago. Very early on he realized that, as with most juvenile performers, the key to his daughter's success lay in her natural technique. He has done everything to keep it. Five years ago, for instance, when the Rank Organization signed her up, he stipulated in the contract that he must be allowed to go everywhere with her. "I'd already seen screen kids spoiled by praise and bad handling," he says. "I considered they were the main things I had to fight."

As one producer puts it: "Les Clark is like

a hen fussing around with a pretty duckling. Every time you see Pet you can be sure he's not far away. He's a damn nuisance sometimes, but you've got to hand it to him—he's certainly got results. Pet's one of the most natural little performers I know. All the flattery that those youngsters get backstage and off the set never touches her. She always goes straight up to her old man and asks 'How was I?'"

E. W. Kent, her theatrical and radio agent, insists: "Pet is quite naturally the nice, clean type of English girl. All we have to do is steer her clear of the more sophisticated—sexy, if you like—type of song and situation."

What Will The Mothers Say?

This refers to the policy Clark has adopted for his daughter as she approaches womanhood. "Pet is anyone's daughter," he says. "Since she started into adolescence I've always asked myself: 'Would Mrs. Smith like to see her girl in a dress like that, or in such-and-such a situation with a boy friend?' I don't want daughters to go home and say: 'Well, Petula Clark does this and that, and wears this and that, so why can't I?' And I don't want mothers saying: 'Oh, Petula Clark, *that* girl. . . .'"

With these ideals, Leslie Clark is aiming to produce a second Mary Pickford. He calculates that they will maintain her current triple appeal—"to the protective instinct in men, the motherly instinct in women and the hero worship of the children. There are sufficient of the big, busty, *Bitter Rice* women around already," he adds, "and I think their days are numbered anyway."

For Leslie, this "universal Miss Smith" policy has meant strict supervision of his daughter's activities. Petula is almost unique among other stars and starlets of her age and sex for the lack of "leg art" in her publicity. So far, she has had only one photograph in the "beach brigade."

If all this guidance has tended to slow up Petula's maturing—and her father agrees that perhaps it has just a little—he is not worried. With her future at stake he prefers the axiom "slow but sure." Not unnaturally, Les Clark has got himself disliked in certain quarters by his close management. The following incident is typical of those that have brought this about:

Pet: "We're working two hours later tonight, Daddy." Les: "Oh, yes? Who says so?" Pet: "The director. . . ." Director: "Hallo, Les. We're going on a bit. You don't mind, do you?" Les: "I certainly do." Director: "But it's only two hours—" Les: "Equity stipulated twelve hours between each working day. If Pet works on till nine thirty that'll give her only ten." Director: "But it's only once." Les: "Sorry." Director: "But damn it, she agreed." Les: "You know very well she'd stay working all night if you asked her."

Despite her father's aversion to the more opulent type of screen cutie, Petula is trying desperately to put on height and weight. She fears that her present stature may limit her future rôles. But although she drinks three pints of milk a day, eats heartily, takes wheat germ capsules and gets her sister, Barbara, to



With her sister, Pet rehearses by recording a song at home. As usual, her father is listening



Pet and her father on the *Madame Louise* set. After each scene, she asks him: "How was I?"

stick a tablespoonful of malt in her mouth as soon as she gets home every night, there is no noticeable change in her specifications. They are: height 5 ft.; weight 6 st. 7 lb.; waist ("I think it's the smallest in British show business") 19 in.; hips 34 in.; bust 33 in.

No help at all in this battle for build, her father frequently points out, is her passion for pickled onions, preferably with ice cream. He says: "When she was a child we often used to find her with a pickle jar, trying to dig out the onions with a knitting needle."

She Likes To Be Called Pet

Petula Olwen was born on November 15, 1932, at West Ewell, Surrey. Her first Christian name resulted from a family disagreement. To prevent friction her father invented it from the names of two of his boyhood sweethearts—Pet and Ula. Petula herself is not so happy about it now; the way most people pronounce it, she thinks, sounds petulant. She prefers Pet.

If talent has some hereditary source, it could have been expected at her birth that Petula might be reasonably endowed. Her mother was Welsh and her grandmother had sung at Eisteddfodau. Surrey-born Leslie Norman Clark had been stage-struck as a boy. At fifteen he ran away from home to join a travelling theatre. After a year as a call-boy ("The nearest I ever got to being on the stage was carrying water for actors' baths") his father found him and dragged him back home. Later, Les vowed that if his children wanted to go on the stage he would do anything to help.

In 1932, her father was a male nurse in a local hospital. He was earning "about £4 or £5 a week." He recalls that he first noticed Petula's singing ability when she was three. "She was always at it, picking up the words and the tune from the radio and even imitating some of the singers." One afternoon, when he was resting from night duty, his sleep was disturbed by singing downstairs; he shouted to

his wife to switch the radio off. Petula called: "It's me, Daddy." He was so astonished that, father-like, he told the neighbours. One of them said: "I'm running a concert at the Catholic Hall. Let me hear her."

Petula duly took part and sang "Mighty Lak' a Rose." Other concerts followed. One afternoon Les took Pet for a ride on his bicycle. As they were passing through Motspur Park they saw a village fête. They got off to have a look round and found a talent competition in progress. On her father's suggestion she entered. With a rendering of "Mighty Lak' a Rose" she got the first prize.

She won seven more competitions before her first professional appearance. It was secured by her father. About this time Petula used to pester him to take her to listen to the late Harry Fryer's orchestra, then playing in a store at Kingston-on-Thames. One day during school holidays she said suddenly: "Oh, Daddy, wouldn't it be nice if I could sing with them instead of just with a piano."

On an impulse, Les left Pet after the session and sought out Fryer. He told him he had a daughter (not mentioning her age) who had a good voice, and asked him to give her a hearing. Fryer said he would. After rehearsing her for a day or two, Les took Petula along. Fryer, remembering that he had promised to hear "a young lady," smiled indulgently when he saw the seven-year-old moppet with blonde curls. When she started to sing, however, his expression changed. He was visibly impressed. He called in one of the store's executives and asked Pet to sing again. After going into a huddle with the band leader, the executive approached Les. "Mr. Clark, we wonder if you would like your daughter to sing during our Children's Fortnight?" That was the beginning of a series of shows that Pet did with Fryer whenever school would allow.

With the outbreak of war—"it greatly influenced Pet's career"—she was soon in great

demand at troop concerts. In 1940 her father was called up, but, being stationed at nearby Farnborough, he was still able to accompany her to camps farther afield. He recalls: "Many of the long trips—to the Newcastle area, for instance—were at night. I used to wrap her up in my dressing-gown and put her on the luggage rack. She'd sleep all the way."

In 1942, one of Pet's aunts whose husband was serving in Iraq sent a request to the B.B.C. for her niece to broadcast a message on the Overseas Forces programme, *It's All Yours*. On the day of the programme, Stephen Williams, the producer, asked if any of them would like to entertain the others while they waited for the start of the broadcast. Petula raised her hand. With commendable common sense, she sang her winner, "Mighty Lak' a Rose." Williams was thrilled. He called in Cecil Madden, director of the Overseas Entertainments Unit, and Pet was asked to sing on the programme.

Stole The Anniversary Show

The broadcast brought in hundreds of letters, many of them requesting a repeat. One man said she had a voice like the chapel bells at home. Several weeks later, Pet sang on the programme again. Near her tenth birthday, she appeared as a novelty act in a programme celebrating the tenth anniversary of the B.B.C.'s Overseas Service. She stole the show from people like Vera Lynn and Elsie and Doris Waters.

Six months later, when she repeated the performance at the Albert Hall, she was spotted by Maurice Elvey, who was then directing at the old Rock Studios, Elstree. He asked her father, who was backstage, to let her do a test for *Medal for the General*. At last, she was in films.

By now, Petula was broadcasting regularly. She was giving troop concerts every week. The G.I. Club, Rainbow Corner, and the Royal Armoured Corps, the regiment in which her father was a corporal, had made her their mascot. By now, too, Les had been able to afford an upright piano, and Petula was learning to play by ear. She was still training at home. "Not only was I unable to afford special tuition," Les says, "but I believed—and still do believe—that these schools destroy individuality and produce pattern performers."

Though, like most people in Britain's film industry, Petula Clark was affected by last year's slump, her father has managed to keep her working at full capacity. Her seven-day week goes like this: Monday to Friday, filming (getting up at six to be at the studio from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.); Saturday, recording the radio show, *Calling All Forces*; Sunday, a personal appearance.

"I sometimes feel guilty," says Les Clark, "about her missing so many normal things in life. As a kid she couldn't go out to play in the evenings, and she missed school games. Now she can't go dancing because she gets either the overawed or the wolf types. And she's never had a boy friend." Petula says she could not care less about boy friends. "There is plenty of time. I think the ideal age for marriage is twenty-five."

Ladder To Fame Is A Fence

For the present, Les and Pet are more concerned with the future shape of her career. Her father explains: "Pet always wanted to be a serious actress. But with no cash and no influence I thought the best way to get her there was by encouraging her singing. She's made the grade in radio, TV, variety and in light rôles in films and the theatre. Now she's in a spot. The film people say she must have six months' experience in a West End play before they can offer her a really heavy star part. They say that's the only way. The variety, radio and TV people say: 'A play! That's nonsense. She'll lose her box office.' And both sides agree that you can't combine serious acting and popular crooning. Pet and I want to know why not. I guess the ladder to fame has turned into a fence."

THE END

My brother's keeper

by PAULINE CLARKE
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

This cannot be a murderer, she thought. This is my brother Oliver, whom I have known and loved. But Oliver was two people—and one she didn't know at all



OLIVER WAS THE TERROR of their lives. You would not have supposed, seeing the quiet, repetitive pattern which their lives printed upon the fabric of each day, that anything terrible could have found a foothold there. The pattern seemed dull, but safe. They lived in a small, new, cottage-like house, respectably detached. Other houses of a similar nature were visible along the sandy road, not yet made up, and looped in wet weather with strings of puddles.

The district where the Miss Plumsteads lived was one of the "better" dormitories of the city. Far enough out to be considered almost country, it was yet sufficiently near to enable city workers to reach their place of work.

The Miss Plumsteads did not earn their living in the city. They were musical. They were referred to by the few neighbours who knew them as "those musical sisters." They had always, since their parents died and they had bought this small house, supplemented their income by their music. Miss Margery Plumstead, who was the elder, gave recitals and taught the piano. Miss Gladys Plumstead went round to various private schools in the neighbourhood and taught class singing.

And behind all this lurked Oliver.

Nobody in this district, the Miss Plumsteads were thankful to say, need know anything about him. Oliver was their brother. One hated the word "bad": Margery used "unfortunate" or "pitiful" or "weak" in her own mind to refer to Oliver. But it was too late now to deny the fact that Oliver seemed to be quite worthless, without any feelings for them or much conscience.

He was in the habit of making raids upon his sisters in a penniless condition and bullying them for a little "to go on with." How he went on they never knew. He disappeared for months at a time. He had been gone so long now that they almost thought—hoped?—that he had gone for good this time. He was like a boggy stowed away in a back cupboard of their minds, which they could never forget. Sometimes they found themselves discussing him, when he at once became less of a boggy.

"Of course, he was always spoilt," said Gladys. "And he's never had to pay for his mistakes. Father shouldn't have kept on settling his debts and getting him places in business."

"No. Can you really believe our brother's like that?" said Margery, suddenly irrelevant. "I find it difficult."

"It's a nightmare, I agree. I don't love him any more, which I did for a long time in spite of everything."

"I think I still do sometimes, when I think of us as children. That is the awful thing about all criminals—and Oliver's activities really seem to be almost criminal by now—that they have once been children."

"After the last time, I've been really afraid he would do something criminal." Gladys put down her sewing and looked at her sister, remembering. "You see, it didn't seem like Oliver at all. That's why I was terrified."

The last time had been terrifying, because he

had come while Margery was out. He had caught Gladys alone, and because she said she had nothing but a ten-shilling note to give him (which was, in fact, quite true) he had struck her a blow, tied her to a bedpost, locked the door, and gone round the house stealing things. He had taken the few pieces of jewellery which were not hidden, such as Margery's ring and Gladys's watch, which was, unhappily, pinned to her coat.

Margery had come in to find Gladys weeping helplessly at the foot of the bed, convulsed with pity for themselves and rage at Oliver. Margery, who was the more masterful of the two, explained later on how she would have humoured him. This was no comfort to Gladys, who had no capacity for humouring, and was not quick enough to make up convincing lies.

But, in case they should ever be caught again this way, Gladys had made a plan. Whichever one of them was in would contrive to slip upstairs and hang Gladys's red scarf out of her bedroom window. (Gladys's red scarf was always left in the top dressing-table drawer in readiness: it was never worn now, because it was what Oliver had used to tie her to the bed, and Gladys, who had once fancied herself in it, naturally loathed it.) If it was dark, the light was to be left on in Gladys's room, and the scarf dangled round it. This could be plainly seen, as Gladys's room faced the front path.

Margery had said, very reasonably, that such a scheme would never be any good. For one thing, if Oliver came and did anything awful, he would make off as fast as he could and not wait about to be caught. And if he grew violent, he would probably put the solitary sister out of action. And what use would the scarf be then?

But Gladys was in a panic, shattered with a physical fear which Margery did not understand. She made Margery promise: the red scarf was to be a signal to fetch the police.

For months after this fright, neither sister ever came into the house without a glance at Gladys's window, in case. Gladys, in imagination, had often seen the scarf dangling, and run in record time for the police.

They tried to remember to keep the back door locked, but it was difficult to believe it necessary on a sunny afternoon, when the primroses in the back garden were out, and when the routine of their lives seemed inviolate. The primroses grew in clumps all down the little path which led to the back gate, which itself led into a lane, a shorter cut to the shops, but muddy.

GLADYS, kissing her sister on the cheek, was setting off for the one fifteen bus from the top of the road. "Who is it today?" she asked.

"Mrs. Brown has written a postcard to say Stella isn't well: so it's nobody, as a matter of fact."

"Then you'll have a nice long time to practise," said Gladys.

"Yes," said Margery. "Back at five?"

"All being well," said Gladys. And she ran down the path. It was one of the habits one noticed about the Miss Plumsteads—the way they ran. They never walked. They seemed to be perpetually late, or else they merely preferred running. As they both had rather large feet, and ran on their whole foot, not on their toes, leaning forward as they did so with their knees well

Continued on page 20

His face flushing, he raised his voice to a yell. This, Margery knew, was the crux. "No, Oliver," she said, "I'm not afraid of you"



The scene on Saltpanhoe beach, just after dawn. Distance from ship to shore was 400 yards. Never before had a rescue been effected from so far

Wreck of the coaster *Rask*

by KEITH ELLIS

On the rocks off Saltpanhoe beach, she was the biggest casualty the coastguards had to handle in 1950. Here is the full story of the dramatic rescue that saved the crew

DISTRICT OFFICER GEORGE HEPPPEL, of His Majesty's Coastguard, Berwick, is a powerfully built man in vigorous middle-age. He has receding iron-grey hair, kindly eyes and a Bob Hope nose. He is cheerful, talkative and fanatically keen on his work, which takes him to every beach and headland from Leith on the Firth of Forth to Tuggal Burn in Northumberland. He commands twenty-two of the six hundred coastguards who keep bad-weather watch over the six thousand miles of coastline of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Although radio, radar and direction-finding apparatus has greatly reduced the danger of shipwreck, more than a hundred ships had to be warned last year that they were steering a dangerous course. From wrecks which did occur, coastguards rescued fifty-four people. The biggest single casualty was the *Rask*, from which fourteen members of the crew and one passenger were brought safely ashore after an eleven-hour struggle in the teeth of a gale. In the following New Year Honours List, George Hepppel, who directed the rescue, was awarded the M.B.E.

Soon after six on the morning of January 31, 1950, the motor vessel *Rask* was heaving and squirming through a mountainous sea a few hundred yards from the Northumberland coast. Registered at Haugesund, Norway, she was a

coaster of 631 tons bound for Newcastle with a cargo of herrings from Bergen. A strong gale was driving sleet towards the shore. Visibility varied from a few hundred yards to nil. Squalls reached seventy to eighty miles an hour. There was a heavy swell.

Though originally designed as a minesweeper towards the end of the first World War, the *Rask* had been refitted and converted into a motorship only eighteen months previously. She had radio telephone, radar and direction-finding apparatus. Her crew had no reason to fear shipwreck. Yet Peter Hestad, the chief officer, who was at this time deputizing for the captain on the bridge, thought she was fifty miles north of her actual position. The weather had made it impossible to take accurate observations.

Shouts As The Ship Struck

Most of the crew of fourteen were in the mess-room. Down in his bunk, Captain George Gabrielson turned uneasily. Although this was his first voyage in the *Rask*, he had made the crossing hundreds of times before without mishap. Suddenly deciding to find out what was happening on deck, he stepped out of bed and started to dress.

At that moment, the ship struck. "What's that?" shouted a German member of the crew as the thud echoed through the messroom. Nineteen-year-old Lief Dahl, who had been at

sea only a month, was going to reply "Not much" when the chief officer tore down the steps. "Everybody on deck," he bawled.

There they found the well-deck flooded and thirty-foot waves crashing over the gunwales. The ship had a forty-five degree list. As dawn broke, the crew could see they were lying about 400 yards off the coast, broadside on, the bows tilted slightly shorewards. At first they thought they were ashore on an island. Then they saw a line of steam as a Scottish express streaked southwards. Someone fired a rocket. The rest turned to the lifeboats. One had already been washed away. As they lowered the other from its davits, one of the ropes slipped off its hook. For a moment, the boat swung in mid-air. The strain was too great. The other rope broke, and the lifeboat slipped into the sea.

Meanwhile, the siren was blurring the three shorts, three longs, three shorts of the international distress signal. "Everybody in the wheelhouse," ordered the captain. Though its windows had been smashed and the woodwork badly battered by the waves, it provided the only shelter in the ship. Wet, cold and miserable, with 400 yards of seething breakers cutting them off from the shore, the crew and single passenger shivered—and hoped that someone had seen their signals.

The onshore gale had carried the sound of the siren far. Two miles inland, people just getting

out of bed, eating breakfast or on their way to work, heard it clearly. James Ross, of Inland Pastures, heard it in his home and was one of the first to arrive on the scene. Thomas Wilkinson, a railway signalman, was working in his box at Scremerston Station, two miles south of Berwick-on-Tweed on the east coast route to Edinburgh; at first he paid little attention. Then he picked out the three shorts, three longs, three shorts and recognized S.O.S. Looking out over the bay, he saw through a break in the snow the lights of a steamer about a mile away. They were farther inshore than he had ever seen them before. He reached for his telephone.

At half past seven Station Officer W. C. Bowen, a fifty-seven year old ex-submariner of Berwick coastguard station, was thinking about breakfast. On bad-weather watch at Sharper Point lookout, a little over a mile north of Berwick, he was due to be relieved in about half an hour's time by Coastguard Bill Sparks. Suddenly the phone rang. "This is British Railway Control, Newcastle," said a voice. "A signalman at Scremerston has just reported a vessel ashore off Saltpanhoe beach, Scremerston." Bowen noted the time. It was seven thirty-two. He immediately reported to District Officer George Heppel, his superior.

Call For The Lifeboat

Now, George Heppel is a home-loving man. When he took the call from Bowen, he was in shirtsleeves, with dirty hands and a smut on his nose. He had promised his wife a cup of tea in bed and was laying the fire while the kettle boiled. "Saltpanhoe, eh?" he muttered. Then, commandingly: "Call out Berwick lifeboat and Goswick L.S.A. No—they'll never get their equipment over South Low Bridge. Better make it Berwick L.S.A. I'll be down straightaway." By "L.S.A." he was referring to the volunteer life-saving apparatus companies of the Coast Life Saving Corps stationed at strategic points around the coast. Most of the five thousand members are clifftop farmworkers or fishermen.

Heppel now rang for the car which a local hire firm contracts to send out day or night in an emergency. At the same time, he checked the position of Saltpanhoe beach on his map and saw from a chart on his notice board that high water was at 1.07 p.m. The tide was coming in. The rescue would be tricky. Next he ran to the bottom of the stairs and shouted up: "You'll have to get your own cup of tea, Mam. I've got to get me skates on. There's a crash." Throwing on a fur-lined waistcoat, his uniform jacket, a dufflecoat, oilskin and sou'wester, he picked up his ready-use box of light rescue equipment and hurried round to the station to check that the L.S.A. had been called out. Then he jumped in his car and drove to Saltpanhoe.

Meanwhile, Bowen at the lookout had phoned J. M. Edney, a local solicitor and honorary secretary of Berwick branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, requesting him to launch the lifeboat. On receiving his assent, Bowen's next call was to Bill Sparks: "There's a ship ashore at Saltpanhoe. Fire the maroons for the lifeboat and the L.S.A." He dragged on his dufflecoat and hurried back to the station, a skimpy figure stumbling against the gale.

Maroons Bring Out Volunteers

Almost immediately, he heard the bang of a maroon, and a second bang as it burst in the air and shot out five green stars. A second maroon was fired, and he knew that from all over Berwick the lifeboatmen would be hurrying to the boathouse. There was a third maroon, but this one scattered white stars instead of green. It was the signal for the L.S.A. When he arrived at the station twenty minutes later, he found thirty-three year old Coastguard Cecil Scott checking over the lifesaving apparatus on the coastguard trailer, which had already been hitched to a lorry supplied by a local contractor. Two members of the crew had turned up, three



A rocket is fired at the *Rask*. Unfurling behind it is the line used to make first contact with the ship.

repair workers from Berwick dock had offered to help, and a local resident joined, too. Jumping on the lorry, Bowen gave the order: "Saltpanhoe!" Along the road, they picked up more volunteers.

Meanwhile, the maroons had roused the seven members of the lifeboat crew. The cox, Prideaux Lough, arrived to find three of his sons waiting to launch her. Taking one look at the monstrous waves, he turned to the youngest. "Go back," he said. "Then if anything happens there'll be at least one of us left."

By five past eight, the boat was away. Both crew and spectators were uncertain whether she would make the open sea. A bar of rock lies across the mouth of Berwick harbour and at low water is submerged only four and a half feet. Now, the waves were so high that it was possible to see the sea bottom in the troughs. Stealthily, the lifeboat approached the bar. Crossing it, she took four tremendous breakers in quick succession. Each one set her bows in the air until it seemed certain she would tip over. Then she was out.

The boat made steady progress. In a little under thirty minutes she had come within half a mile of the wreck. But when the cox saw the thirty-foot waves breaking over her, he knew it was impossible to get alongside. For about half an hour, until the coastguards arrived on the beach, the lifeboat lay a little way off. Finally, reluctant to give up after overcoming so many difficulties, Lough gave the order to return. Foghorn box and starboard light had been smashed by the sea. The lifeboat was unable to enter Berwick harbour, unsuccessfully attempted Eyemouth eight miles up the coast, and eventually, with the help of Dunbar lifeboat, made Dunbar, sixteen miles farther north, at two in the afternoon. The crew returned to Berwick by bus. Only the coastguards could now help the survivors.

Meanwhile, Bowen had arrived at Saltpanhoe with the lifesaving equipment. Scott jumped off the lorry and ran across the sand dunes. Right

to the horizon, the sea was breaking white. Seeing a knot of people gathered round a lifeboat, he took these at first for survivors. When they told him that nobody had yet been taken off the *Rask*, he turned back to the trailer. At that moment, he noticed a single figure farther down the beach. It was Heppel, weighing up the situation and looking for the best place from which to fire a rocket.

The tide was flooding. The sky was grim. The gale was still punctuated with rain and snow squalls. Heppel estimated visibility at about one mile. The shore was flat and sandy, with tongues of rock stabbing into the sea. It was on one of these that the *Rask* had run aground, nearly 400 yards out. Never had a rescue been effected from so far. To shorten the distance, Heppel ordered his crew to place the projector on a rocky outcrop, twenty-five yards out in the surf. As the waves crashed in, the crew were drenched to their waists.

Getting A Line To The Ship

Firing a rocket is a complicated operation. The rocket itself is a twenty-three inch cylinder a little over three inches in diameter, charged with cordite. It is fired electrically from an eight-foot long projector which stands about three foot six from the ground on its own legs. Attached to the front of the rocket is a seven-foot wire trace. Next comes forty feet of three-inch hemp. This acts as a spring to temper the initial impetus of the rocket, which would snap the 500 yards of Italian hemp that follow. This is the line proper. Its end is attached to the whip, a running endless belt of one and a half inch manila, 250 yards long in each leg. When a rocket is prepared for firing, the wire trace and the spring are laid in three wide zigzags in front of the projector. The line box is set behind them. Directly on the right is the whip box.

So says the drill book. When Heppel tried to do this, everything was swept back to the beach by the first roller. The next time he arranged the lines, two men were ordered to sit on the



The line broke when one man had been rescued

line box, two to sit on the whip box, and he himself held on to the projector. Between waves, the rocket was aimed at the wreck. "Elevation twenty-two," shouted Bowen, who was in charge of the laying. "Elevation twenty-two," repeated Number One of the crew. "Deflection five right." Bowen was aiming off for wind. "Five right it is." Bowen checked with Numbers Two and Three to see that the hemp tail was connected to the line box and gave the order to load. Number Ten inserted the rocket. After that, the wire trace and electrical contacts were connected. "Ready to fire, sir," reported Bowen to Heppel. Heppel waited until a wave had just passed, and gave the order: "Fire!" Number One pressed the button on the firing key slung round his neck. Nothing happened. Sand and salt water had worked between the contacts.

Everyone set to with emery cloth. As each contact was cleaned, a handkerchief was wrapped round to keep it dry. The whole aiming and firing procedure was carried out again. There was another misfire—and another. At the fourth attempt, the rocket swooshed into the gale, a jet of flames spurting from its tail. The line curled eight feet into the air, turned a perfect right angle and shot straight to its target at 360 miles an hour. Some way beyond the *Rask* the rocket plunged into the sea, the line itself falling across the bows. The crew were still in the wheelhouse at the stern. Before any of them could reach it, it slithered into the sea.

Heppel immediately realized that they had miscalculated the wind. Once more a rocket was prepared, this time with no deflection. After two misfires, the line fell neatly between the masts. The rescuers raised a cheer. They had made contact only ten minutes after arriving.

Having secured the line, the survivors started to haul out the whip, to which was attached a pulley-block buoyed by a fisherman's float. Since it was only 250 yards long, Bowen spliced in the rocket line. This doubled its effective length. A strong cross-tide carried the whip northward, where it was in danger of

fouling the rocks. Heppel ordered his crew to move northwards along the sandhills to gain height and keep the line as straight as possible. This meant, however, that even with the extra line, it was too short. A further length of rocket line was spliced in. Eventually, working in the flying spray on the roof of the wheelhouse, the crew of the *Rask* hauled in the whipblock with frozen hands. Obeying the instructions printed in English, French, German and Norwegian on a wooden tally-board, they secured it to the wreck.

Crew Jibbed Over Rescue Bid

Heppel now ordered his crew to pull the whip taut, at the same time moving back along the sand dunes to reduce the loop in the line. Soon they were opposite the wreck again. Not too sure of a line that had been twice cut and spliced, Heppel decided to start the rescue from a point as near the wreck as possible. He ordered the triangle, a nine-foot high steel tripod, to be set up fifty yards out in the surf. The whip was secured to this to keep it as high above the breakers as possible. A breeches buoy was then passed out to the *Rask*.

Eager as they had been to be rescued, the survivors were none too eager to risk the passage to shore. The breeches buoy is an ordinary life-buoy with leggings and a padded, canvas bottom in which a man can sit fairly comfortably. To be hauled over the sea in one of these may be pleasant enough on a calm day's exercise. When it meant leaving the comparative safety of the wheelhouse to swing giddily on a makeshift line only a few feet above a raging sea, they jibbed. Eventually, Lief Dahl, the youngest man aboard, volunteered to go. He stepped into the buoy.

Heppel gave the order to haul. For a full minute, the buoy and its occupant disappeared completely. "It's all right," someone shouted as Dahl appeared above the waves. From then on, he was visible between breakers. As he neared the triangle, Cecil Scott and two volunteers, John Anderson of Spittal and James Blythe of Tweedmouth, waded out to meet him.

By this time, the *Rask* was badly holed. Her cargo and stores were being torn from her by the sea. Hatch-covers, fruit and vegetables were dancing on the waves. Boxes of herring weighing between forty and fifty pounds littered the shore. As Scott went out to help the survivor, he saw a strand of the whip snap and run back. Realizing that it would break at any moment, he rushed forward to the buoy. A fifteen-foot spar was entangled in the ropes. He thought it had been fixed there for extra buoyancy. Now it was swinging dangerously in the swell. He grabbed the buoy and glanced back to see if the whip was holding. At that moment a breaker crashed in. The spar whirled round and hit him in the stomach. He fell unconscious. At the same time the whip parted, dropping the survivor into the boiling sea.

Both Were Dragged Ashore

Bowen, who was standing a few feet away, dashed into the surf. Helped by the two volunteers, he dragged both Scott and Dahl ashore. Heppel glanced at his wristwatch. It was twelve minutes past ten. When Scott came to, he sent him back to the station in a bystander's car. Dahl was fed and put to bed by H. A. B. Peters, a local garage proprietor, and his wife.

Meanwhile, the rescue crew had hauled on one side of the whip so that the buoy ran out to the wreck. Although Sid Young, a colliery storeman and amateur radio enthusiast, was now perched on a sandhill flashing Aldis messages to the *Rask*, language difficulties made it impossible to explain to the Norwegians the complicated drill for repairing the whip. Seeing the buoy alongside again, one of them hopefully climbed in. It took twenty minutes of violent hand-wavings and signals with everything available to persuade him to get out. After that, Heppel had difficulty in making them understand they

were to haul out the new whip that had arrived.

At last they started to pull. Again the rescuers had to move back to the sand dunes to gain height. The crew of the *Rask* pulled strongly until the block was only a hundred yards away but the danger of being washed overboard became so great that they were compelled to retire to the wheelhouse. Thinking the weight of the block was too great for them to haul, Heppel ordered that more slack be given. The cross-tide carried the line farther to the north. It snagged on the rocks. Again and again the rescuers tried to free it. But the rope was irretrievably stuck. Heppel looked at the tide, almost at the full. He would have to wait until it had gone back. Then he would fire a new rocket and pass out a new whip.

Meanwhile, the survivors were shivering in the wheelhouse. They had no food or warmth. There was a danger that the ship would break up or they would die of exposure before a new rocket could be fired.

NEXT WEEK: One by one, as darkness falls, the crew of the "Rask" are hauled ashore



The first man to be brought ashore. Lief Dahl is given a cup of tea in bed by Mrs. Peters



Loading a rocket into the projector. George Heppel, in sou'wester, supervises the firing

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HILL

Laura, for the time being, was a back-room worker.
For the Commodore, the battle had officially started

THE WEATHER HAD NOT BEEN PROMISING that blustery March day in the small Midlands town of Farbridge. But the sudden shower had brought together three unusual people.

The first was Laura Casey, the fiery little typist, just dismissed from her job with Bulfoss and Sons, local estate agents, after a furious row with her employer, Beverly Bulfoss, brother of Major Gerald Bulfoss, M.P. The Bulfosses wanted her to leave Farbridge, but she was determined to find another job there, if only to spite them.

She could afford to stay on for a week or two in her lodgings with that warm-hearted but sternly progressive couple, Hilda and Ernest Saxon. Something might turn up. And in the Old Oak Nook Café it did! Laura met the two men who were to change the immediate course of Farbridge's history—and her own life.

Theodore Jenks had travelled from Indonesia to see his father's home

country for the first time. The most attractive thing he'd seen in it so far was Laura.

Commodore Tribe, like Laura, had left his job (on a dubious *morley* magazine) after a row with the boss. The Commodore—a courtesy title, he said—had just had a disastrous interview with Colonel Whatmore, of the artificial silk firm, who, in a party spirit on Saturday night, had offered him a job, only to deny even thinking of it when reminded of his promise in the sober atmosphere of a weekday.

Getting on in years, but buoyant and sharp-witted, the Commodore decided that planning was the thing for him—preferably something in connection with the Festival of Britain. He'd gone to see a man in London, and had learned that Farbridge, a town he'd been meaning to look at, had already turned down the idea of a local Festival. That, to the Commodore, was not unpromising.

So, seeing and liking the two young people in the Old Oak Nook Café, and learning that they were also "at liberty," he had put a proposition. They should team up to try and get Farbridge to change its mind about having a Festival—and perhaps let them run it. They had lunch on it.

PART 4

Laura Explains

ON the evening of the Wednesday when Laura first met Theodore and the Commodore, the Saxons had company. They were entertaining Hilda's friend, Miss Weeks, and Ernest's friend and colleague from the County School, Paul Ravenstreet.

Miss Weeks, who was the personnel manager at Whatmore's, was a tall, dark, rather intense woman of thirty-five, who had been engaged to a man who was killed in the war. She had fine eyes but a rather ugly despairing sort of mouth.

Paul Ravenstreet was a thin, restless type very untidy and argumentative, with a lop-sided face, so that when you looked at him from one side he seemed fierce and when you saw him from the other side he looked mild. He was a Communist and was passionately devoted to Russia. He and Ernest could argue for hours and hours, and the great thing was to jump in and

stop them right at the beginning, otherwise the evening was ruined.

"I don't get this, Laura," said Ernest. "Why should these two chaps come here to Farbridge simply to try to run a Festival? Doesn't make sense to me."

"Sounds rather peculiar," said Miss Weeks, looking thoughtfully at Laura. Probably she had guessed, as Hilda certainly had, that Theodore Jenks was already rather a special person to Laura. "By the way, I have an idea your Commodore man called to see Colonel Whatmore this morning and was very rude to him. I heard the Colonel's secretary burbling about it."

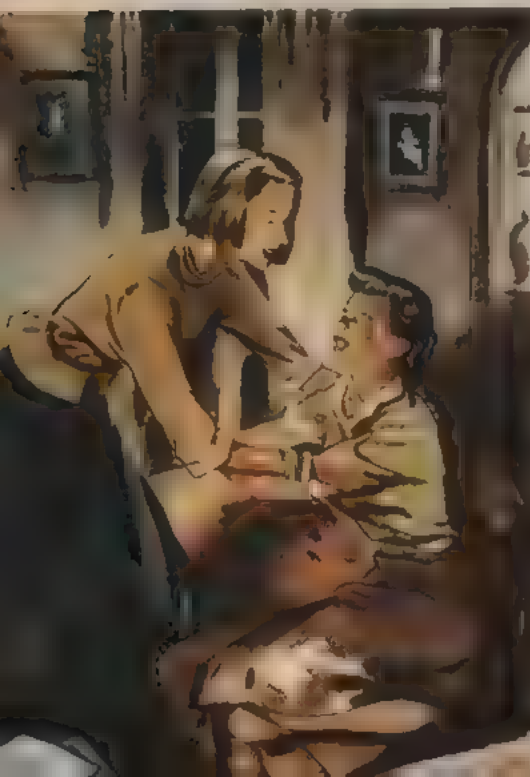
"Then he's all right," said Ravenstreet. "And I'm all for him. And anyhow this town ought to have its Festival. In Russia—"

Hilda charged in at once. "Nobody here's bothering to do it, although plenty of people wanted one. So why shouldn't these two?"

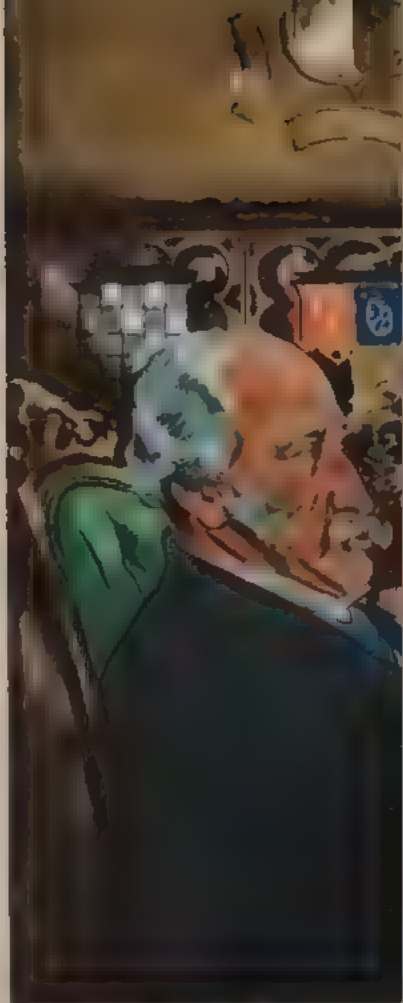
"That doesn't answer my question," said Ernest. "The point is, they're not Farbridge men, so why should they bother? If they imagine there's any money in it they're in for a shock. I just don't see what their game is." And he stared almost accusingly at Laura.

She was sorry now that she had told them anything, but it was too late to drop the subject. "If I try to explain," she began slowly, "then I shall expect you all to help us. As a matter of fact I promised to do that when we were discussing what we ought to do when we were having lunch. I think Commodore Tribe wants a job of some kind. He's rather old and hasn't much money, I fancy. And he's the kind of man who'd enjoy persuading a lot of people to do things for him. He's a sort of adventurer in a

The Mayor was buzzing with alarm before the



Laura stared up at Hilda, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, in the magic of the moment





Commodore was half-way through his speech. Seth Hull was delighted. "That's the stuff," he cried. "Now what are you going to say to that, chaps?"

way, I think, and probably rather a wicked old boy, the kind you feel you ought to disapprove of but can't help liking. Mr. Jenks . . ." she hesitated a moment, feeling embarrassed, then continued hastily, "he's quite different. He has money and he's over here to have a look at English life, and I think he feels he'd rather do something like this than just wander about like a tourist. And I can quite understand that."

To her relief, all the others agreed. The women probably did it to please her, while the two men, who clearly did not suspect the presence of any personal feeling in her statement, agreed because they liked to see people hard at it arguing and organizing and making something, and were dead against young men spending time and money on mere sightseeing.

"And I've said I'll help," Laura continued, with one of her challenging, flashing looks "because I think it's a good idea, and I've nothing to do at present and can just afford to carry on for a few weeks without being paid."

"I was going to ask about that," said Hilda. "I suppose that if they land the job, then you'll be properly employed, eh?"

"Yes. We agreed about that. Mr. Jenks says he won't take anything. In fact, he offered to put some money up, to cover our initial expenses but I was against that, and then the Commodore pretended to be against it, too, though I doubt if he really was. But, of course, if we can persuade the people here to run a Festival and to give us a grant, then I'll get paid."

"Not a hope, my dear girl," said Ernest. "Not a hope."

"I'm afraid not, Laura," said Miss Weeks. "It's already been tried, and several of us made

quite a fuss about it. And if the local people who want a Festival can't do anything, how are two strangers going to manage it?"

"Now wait a minute," cried Ravenstreet. "I'm not so sure about that argument. These stupid bourgeois types are often more impressed by strangers than they are by people they know."

"That's quite true, Paul," said Hilda. "It may be somebody from outside who's needed. And if this Commodore man is clever—"

"I don't know that he's exactly clever," said Laura slowly, thinking it over. "But I have a feeling he's very artful and persuasive. He's got an impressive manner."

"And what about this Jenks chap?" Ernest inquired, with a sudden and hateful grin. "Attractive?"

LAURA resolutely faced those winking gold spectacles. "He's very large, very good-looking, simple and sincere."

"O-ho! He is, is he?" And Ernest made his mechanical laughing noise, for which Laura could have brained him.

But Hilda came to the rescue. "When you talk about our helping you," she said hastily, "I suppose you'd like us to give you the names of people who might support you—humph? Well, let's think." She looked inquiringly at Helen Weeks.

"I'd better make a note of their names," said Laura. "I don't suppose I shall know many of them."

"You ought to have three columns," said Ernest. "Those who are *For*, those who are *Against*, and neutrals or wobblers."

"The chief neutrals or wobblers," said Miss

Weeks, "happen to be very important: the Mayor and the Town Clerk."

"Quite right," said Ernest.

"I'd have said myself—*Against*," said Ravenstreet, turning so that the fierce side of his face could be clearly seen. It looked almost diabolical in its cynicism.

"No, wobblers—born wobblers, Paul," said Ernest, holding up a conspiratorial finger. "Put them down, Laura. The Mayor. The Town Clerk. Key men, too, of course."

Laura, feeling rather silly, put them down. "What about the Borough Treasurer—what's his name—Coverack?" Hilda inquired, looking up from her knitting. It is not easy to be a perpetual knitter and a keen intellectual at the same time, but Hilda just managed it.

"Dead against," Miss Weeks replied. "One of the worst. And with him is the Chairman of Finance—Alderman Tanhead. Both dead against it."

"Tanhead would be," said Ernest. "Bad Tory type."

"Quite so," said Ravenstreet. "But I'll bet your Labour stalwart, Alderman Muleford, isn't any better."

"You're quite right," Helen Weeks said. "We had a lot of trouble with Alderman Muleford, who unfortunately carries a great deal of weight."

"Look—I've put these people down," said Laura. "But I don't really see the point of these *Against*s. They're no use to us. It's the other people—the *Fors*—that we're after, isn't it?"

"Very well," said Ernest indulgently. "What

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MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Continued from page 14

bent, they presented a curious appearance. Children sometimes laughed at them, but they did not notice it.

Gladys, owing to this manner of locomotion, reached the bus stop in ample time for the bus. She always found this particular school rather tiresome. There was a girl called Phyllis Parsley, who was the ring-leader, and who had fair, lank hair and a thin, pointed face. She was embarrassed at singing, which irritated and bewildered Miss Plumstead. She tried to choose unembarrassing and attractive songs: to her, singing had always been as natural as speaking. With Phyllis Parsley's giggling in mind, she also tried funny songs, congratulating herself on her shrewdness. But throughout the funny songs, Phyllis Parsley and most of her confederates sat as stones, sulky and unawakened stares upon their faces.

Miss Plumstead sighed as she opened the piano, and then braced herself, determined to be cheerful as the class filed in.

"Good afternoon," said she, the accent on the "noon." "Let's begin by getting our positions good and our breathing right, shall we? Weight forward, stomachs in—breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, don't puff and blow, silently, breathe out. . . . Now then, up the scale, mouths wide open, tone good, please. . . ."

"Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . aah," they sang, as gusty as the March wind which buffeted so playfully outside.

MISS MARGERY PLUMSTEAD went down the path and picked a fresh lot of primroses in the sunshine. Then she washed up the lunch things, put a tea-trolley ready, filled the electric kettle, and smoked a cigarette. She left a message for the baker, because it would be nice not to be disturbed. Then she sat down at her piano. She would go over the selection for the next concert.

She went from piece to piece, sometimes repeating a phrase, a whole section, ten, twenty times. She paused between each performance and relaxed her body, closing her eyes and folding her hands in her lap. Then she began again. It was four o'clock; she would stop soon.

There was a sudden, hasty knocking at the back door. Both the baker—she had put the plate out. It couldn't be the baker: it was too late. The door opened and slammed and somebody came striding along the passage. Miss Plumstead's hands flew to her cheeks. God! It was Oliver!

She sprang to her feet and looked at him over the top of the piano, as he burst into the room. She froze at the look of him. He looked wild, pale and horrified.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes. How did you get here?"

"Walked in the door, and I'm staying here for the moment. I'm all in. Is there anything to drink? No, there wouldn't be. For God's sake don't stand there staring."

Margery's hands gripped the piano. "What do you want?"

"Somewhere to shelter for an hour or two, and some food."

"Shelter?" She was not going to be taken in by his bravado. She repeated coolly: "Shelter? Why, what have you done? You're lying again, Oliver. You know you haven't done anything."

He staggered across the room and

towered over her, and she realized that this was how Gladys must have feared him. She, herself, became acutely afraid for a moment. He is my own brother, and a weak fool, she told herself. I am not afraid of him.

"You don't believe me. You never would believe me, would you? Well, I've killed a man."

She had to humour him. "How did it happen?"

"He turned round to get the cigarettes down and I put my fist in an empty sweet-bottle and knocked him on the head with it. I think I killed him. He fell down behind the counter."

"But, what for, Oliver, what for? And are you sure you killed him?"

"I only meant to knock him out. His throat rattled. I think I killed him. He was such a puny little devil."

"What are you going to do?"

He looked at her. "I'll stay here till it's dark. And you'll stay here, too. There's no telephone, is there? No. Then I'll get away."

"But have you any money?"

"Yes, I took what was. . . . Yes, I happen to have some."

Curious, thought Margery Plumstead, that he should seem to be proud of killing a man and ashamed of stealing from a till.

"Well, you'll need a meal before you go. You'd better keep at the back of the house. I'll make a cup of tea, anyway. I'm sorry I've nothing stronger. Oh, yes, I know. Stay here. There's brandy in Gladys's bedroom."

He sat like a sack on the sofa, saying nothing. She went out, shut the door, mounted the stairs and hung out the red scarf.

This, she said to herself, half dazed, is the perfect opportunity. This is the only possible time that Gladys's stupid scarf could be any good. He has committed a crime. He intends to stay here. . . . Pray heaven Gladys comes soon to see it. The brandy was in her own room.

WHEN she came down, he was out in the hall, as she expected, looking up. He said roughly: "What are you doing?"

"Fetching this for you."

He drank it. He followed her about, into the kitchen, back again, behind her all the time.

She found that she didn't like him behind her. She was becoming stifled with that awful feeling one had had in the dark when young, that something would strike from behind. So



"If I can force myself to eat it, then so can you!"

this is how poor Gladys had felt . . . now it was her turn. The person behind wasn't Oliver at all; it was some unknown quantity. She struggled hard to realize it was Oliver again; little Oliver—great big Oliver he had become at fourteen.

"Why don't you go and sit down?" she said. "I'm coming."

"I'd rather hang around. Why should I trust you?"

This went home. Why should he indeed?

A few minutes later, they sat drinking tea as if their lives depended on it. Here am I, thought Miss Plumstead, drinking tea with a murderer. The idea was so insane that she mused upon it, stirring her tea too fast, so that it slopped into the saucer. Having tea with my brother, who is a murderer, you know, she heard herself say: as if he were a footballer or an organist or something. It was hard to find anything to say under these circumstances.

Anyway, Oliver was not listening.

He had lapsed from the hectic garrulity which he had showed at first, into a sombre speechlessness, a numb calm. He looked more like his old, sulky self when he was angry or disappointed. Perhaps he was making it all up. She tried to look at it impersonally. After all, if he had done it, they would be rid of him . . . if only Gladys would come. She would go straight for the police, and they would take Oliver away. Perhaps Oliver would be hanged . . . she looked at him sitting so helplessly on the sofa. She felt she could not bear Oliver not to be redeemed. She felt as if she were his mother. Her own mother. (Thank God, she was dead.)

"What can I do for you, Oliver? What is it? Do you suddenly feel mad, or what happens?" she burst out desperately.

"I don't know, Margie. I don't know," he said, as if he were not thinking, in a voice recognizably his. Also, he stroked the little cat, which had leaped on to the sofa beside him. "Nice little beast," he muttered. "It's purring."

I can't do anything for him and I have got to give him up, she thought. If only he hadn't called me "Margie" and stroked the cat so that I remembered his fingers, it would be easier, she thought. He has become a person to me again. She stood up quickly and walked to the piano.

"Like when you hurt Gladys. . . ." she said. "What is it happens?"

"She was afraid of me," he said

angrily. "The fool! Why was she afraid of me?"

"You're so violent, Oliver. You threatened and bullied her."

"You're not afraid of me, are you? Go on, say you're not afraid of me!" He came over to her, and raised his voice to a yell, his face flushed. The kitten sat watching, its ears startled. This is the crux, Margery thought, because he is afraid of himself.

"No, Oliver, I'm not afraid of you," she answered coolly. "Sit down again, do."

She wheeled the tea things out and he followed. She washed them up and he stood about, his eyes looking at her, his thoughts miles away. She gave him a cigarette.

Ten to five. Any minute now Gladys would come, see the scarf and go running off again. They would be at the back, and Oliver would not see her. If he did see her, if she came in, then he would not let her go out again. And there they would be, stuck in the house till nightfall, with a murderer.

She was beginning to feel afraid again. She turned and looked at him full in the face, and he looked away. It is not a murderer, she thought; it's Oliver. But she realized that there were two people: one she did not know at all, and she could not trust them both. Oh, God, why didn't Gladys come?

Margery finished drying the cups and began peeling potatoes. She must do something to forget she was in the house alone with Oliver, who had killed a man.

At this minute, Miss Plumstead heard footsteps coming up the back path. Her hand flew up to her mouth. She had not thought of Gladys coming up the back path. Surely she would go round to the front. . . . Oh, God, surely she would not forget to look. . . . That would be too ironical, if Gladys forgot her own sign on the one occasion when there was any point in it. And yet it would be so like life. Margery felt sick and faint. Her throat swelled, her head swam. . . .

By now, she realized, she wanted this thing over; she badly wanted Gladys to go for the police. Hearing Oliver behind her, she hated herself for wanting it.

G LADYS, wandering up the path in the sunshine, was looking at the primroses. She had come home by the back way, down the lane, it was such a lovely afternoon. Margery could just see her. Oliver could not; he was keeping out of the line of the kitchen window. But he heard.

"Who's that?"

"I shouldn't go to the window. It's probably the postman."

The steps wandered up to the back door, hesitated, and then walked briskly round to the front. Soon they were going away again, quickly.

Margery found her knees shaking. Now that it had worked, Gladys's terrible red scarf idea took on the proportions of a hideous, an inhuman trick. To trap him like this! To give him up to be hanged! To betray your own brother!

What am I going to say when they arrive? she thought desperately—"He says he has killed a man?"

"I'm getting you something to eat. We shall not be long now, Oliver," she said hopelessly.

How can I keep deceiving him? How can I give him up? she wondered. But how can I not? she thought, as she began to cry, silently, into the potatoes.

THE END



Papers in hand, MacDermot walks round South Bank. Behind him is part of his block of offices

Mac welcomes the world to South Bank

by MARJORIE EARL

The man who'll be taking a count of the Exhibition crowds has laid on the services of a small town to keep them happy

WHEN FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN planners calculated that the South Bank site could comfortably accommodate no more than 60,000 people at one time, they left Norman MacDermot to grapple with the problem of how to keep count and restrict the crowds. A scholarly-looking, bespectacled Scot, with more nervous energy than a New York salesman, MacDermot is the site's manager. From opening day, May 3, until the buildings are dismantled, his office will be the nerve centre of Britain's great Exhibition. Facing the problem of keeping numerical check of the crowds, Mac remembered a device he had once seen at a football match. This had counted the spectators as they passed through the gates and added up the total. He invited the makers' technicians to London and explained that he wanted a machine which would also subtract the people who left the Exhibition. The technicians worked on the idea and finally

produced an automatic counter which sits on his desk and will tell him at a glance exactly how many visitors have passed through the turnstiles of the South Bank site.

MacDermot knows a good deal about handling crowds. When he was appointed entertainment manager of the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow in 1938, he had to use his own ingenuity without much help from precision instruments. There were 364,000 people at the last-night ceremonies. They came so fast and seemed so merry that Glasgow police were frankly frightened that they would get out of hand. "If you can keep them laughing you'll be all right," someone suggested.

"You're wrong," MacDermot countered. "If I can keep them crying I'll be all right."

With this as his objective, MacDermot, who has spent a lifetime in the theatre and has a talent for arousing emotion, addressed the merry-makers over the microphone. He spoke solemnly of the spirit of the Exhibition and its

contribution to Scots tradition. He organized farewell processions to the buildings. He led the crowd in "Auld Lang Syne." Some of his audience were so affected that they fell into the trap and wept openly. "The only damage they did was to remove one 'Keep off the Grass' sign," MacDermot recalls. "They used it to make a banner to lead one of the processions."

With the crowd-counting device which he helped to perfect and an elaborate system of telecommunications enabling him to keep in constant touch with his staff of 2,000, MacDermot is not expecting any emergency call for histrionics at the Festival of Britain.

The Problem He Foresees

It was mainly on the basis of his experience at Glasgow, however, that he was chosen as manager of the South Bank site. Broadly speaking, the two jobs are similar; but in particulars they are widely different. For one thing, MacDermot expects his problem this year will be admitting all the people who want to get in. At Glasgow, it was just the opposite. In the first few days of the Empire Exhibition the crowds were poor. The committee was so alarmed that MacDermot, as entertainments manager, was called upon to do something about it.

He decided that the way to deal with the slump was to organize open-air dancing. His fellow workers did not think much of the idea—until it had proved to be a success. On one occasion more than 200,000 people joined in the festivities and the executive committee was delighted with the jump in gate receipts.

On the South Bank, MacDermot has had more time for careful planning than he had at Glasgow. In 1938, he was engaged only about six weeks before the Exhibition opened. One of the members of the committee, who was also a theatre enthusiast, realized that a man with theatrical experience was needed to plan the Exhibition's entertainment. MacDermot, who is an author, producer and theatre manager, was not working at the time. So he was engaged to take on the job of crowd control and entertainment. "I came in far too late to do the job properly, so it was a frightful scatter to get things in order," he recalls.

For the Festival of Britain, he was retained over a year before the opening. During the first few months he worked in temporary quarters in Kensington. Then he moved into an airy, modern office with one glass wall in Block S.B.2, on the South Bank site. For the past four months he has been on duty an average of fourteen hours a day including Saturdays and Sundays. Lately he has been working even longer than this. When the Festival opens, he will be on the job even longer still, for he has had a small bedroom built beside his office.

He finds it difficult to define his job. "My chief responsibility," he explains, "is to keep the Exhibition running for the comfort, convenience and safety of the people. I have to see that their needs are attended to. My sphere," he adds, "extends from sewage to sunshine."

Dealing With The Litter

To provide the maximum comfort and convenience for the people who visit the Festival site, MacDermot has tried to lay down the services of a small township. This includes everything from washroom arrangements and litter collections to consultations with the Ministry of Health about refreshments and the Home Office about public safety. To run these services he has had to hire 1,500 men and 200 women, who will be chiefly responsible for executing his plans. One of their duties is learning how to understand the elaborate telecommunications code.

MacDermot has a delicate system of communication which enables him to get in touch with any staff member at any time without attracting attention. This is done by illuminated code

signals. If, for example, there should be an attempted theft, or any other emergency, every member of the staff could be notified and the public would know nothing about it. The system works along a number of main control points where there is always a man on duty. MacDermot himself has a personal control point where he can see the entire fairway and speak to the crowd through a public address system.

MacDermot has had to estimate his staff requirements on the basis of his previous experience. He knows, however, that there are 475,000 square feet of floor space to be cleaned every day—867,745 square feet of concourses and gardens to be swept, washed and tidied. There are also 300,000 square feet of glass to be washed daily, inside and out. Ninety-two turnstiles had to be specially made and attendants to man them hired and trained.

Since the site can accommodate no more than 60,000, pre-sale of tickets has been arranged to admit ticket holders up to three o'clock in the afternoon. After this, others will be admitted until the site is filled to capacity. MacDermot had to organize the printing of 1,850,000 tickets, drawn up in such a way that spivs and forgers would find them impossible to duplicate.

Because the police have decided that there will be no parking and

that buses will not be allowed to approach the site, MacDermot has devised a special help for those who buy tickets ahead of time. This is a leaflet entitled, "How to Travel There and Back." On one side is a small map. On the other is a list of all the routes linking the principal tube stations with the nearest points of contact to the South Bank site and the Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park.

Before office hours in the morning and after everyone else has gone home at night, MacDermot does his desk work, dictating letters and memoranda. A methodical worker, he never leaves anything to chance and seldom gives verbal instructions. His normal working day is an endless succession of conferences and meetings with Government or L.C.C. officials, the Press, technicians and members of the Exhibition's staff.

Crèche Plan Dropped

He is in frequent communication with the site's controller and with the Exhibition Director, from whom he gets policy rulings. Originally plans for the South Bank site included a crèche where mothers could leave their children while they viewed the exhibits. After work had progressed it became evident that there would not be enough room, so the crèche was scrapped. This gave rise to the question of

whether or not children under five years should be admitted. After some discussion it was decided to rule out children under school age.

Although his work is a mass of detail, MacDermot finds it "keenly stimulating"—and loves it. "What I like to do is to work furiously for a couple of years, then take a year off," he says. Working at top speed is not new to him. He got into the habit during the many years he has been associated with repertory and experimental theatres.

Star Dust In His Eyes

The son of an insurance manager, MacDermot was early earmarked to make insurance his profession. When he finished school he went to work in his father's office. He hated every minute of it, he says today. He had had star dust in his eyes since he was a child and he could not keep his mind on calculated risks. "I used to make model theatres as a child and get into trouble for using my mother's good sheets for scenery and costumes," he recalls. As a youth he helped to form the Liverpool Playhouse. In his twenties he decided to abandon insurance and go to London.

In 1920, MacDermot made his most notable contribution to the British stage. He started the Everyman Theatre in Hampstead. He had always maintained that London

needed a theatre for experimental productions which would be supported by the general public, not just the special audiences of a theatre club.

MacDermot and his followers selected an old drill hall in Hampstead. They could not get timber for a floor, so they bought a war surplus aeroplane hangar and used the material for flooring, which they laid themselves. The proscenium arch came from an unused Army latrine.

In the theatre, MacDermot says, he acquired organizational experience on a wide scale, with a small number of people. During the last war he combined his showmanship with administrative experience when he organized Ensa tours for the troops in Scotland. It was at Glasgow, however, that he had his first chance to prove himself as a large-scale organizer. This year he will face an even greater challenge. He is not responsible for entertainment on the South Bank site but he is responsible for the comfort and goodwill of the people who attend.

Entertainment, he feels, is not necessary on the South Bank. "There will be so much to see that entertainment won't be needed," he says. "This is no ordinary exhibition. Its purpose is to tell the story of Britain's achievements, and the exhibits themselves will constitute the site's diversions." THE END

WHITE SQUAW

Continued from page 11

Mary's room. She led the way into the other. "You sleep here," she said. "This poor house, but you make it honourable."

It was not a suite in the Savoy, but at least it was a room of my own. The mattress was very old, but reasonably clean, as were the blankets, goose feather quilt and pillow. I had no wardrobe, but a chest to store my clothes, a table near the bed, drying pole above the stove-pipe and a great big rocking-chair near the window.

The toilet was a draughty little hut behind the house, about thirty yards off—a rather primitive contraption rigged up over a hole in the ground. With the thermometer reaching fifty below, as it often did that winter, I think I have come out of the experience a confirmed advocate of what estate agents describe in advertisements as mod. con.

Lived In A Wigwam

Mary did not know her own age, but she had outlived two husbands and from all accounts was well into her eighties. She was born in Albany and could remember living in a wigwam as a child, when the braves went about half naked with their heads shaved, and the women wore little more than a skirt and a shawl. "In winter very cold in wigwam," she used to say. "Snow in my hair when I wake up in the morning. But I very strong then. Now cold wind too much."

She drew a free allowance of flour from the Government as well as certain other provisions, but she kept the wolf from the door with a part-time job in the school laundry. That kept her busy in the mornings; the afternoons she spent sawing and chopping wood for her stoves. I've seen Mary returning from the forest dragging a sled piled high with chopped logs, and carrying a length of tree trunk on her back.

Her own person she kept extraordinarily clean, giving herself a top and tail bath every Sunday, after sweeping the house. Then she would



Margaret (centre) in the mission canoe. At the motor is Margo Gull

get into her best bib and tucker and shuffle off to the Anglican church for the Cree service in the afternoon. At these services she comprised the choir and croaked through the hymns with practically no regard for tune or time.

In the evenings she used to embroider with tiny coloured beads on leather, or fashion raw moose hide into mitts, moccasins and even parkas that she sold to a wholesaler in Moosonee who let her have the skins on credit.

One evening I came home to find smoke pouring out of the door and windows of the living-room, and rushed in, groping through dense clouds to find Mary sitting on the floor near a curious contraption which was obviously the cause of the smoke. It was a tripod of sticks, with a raw moosehide stretched round them. From under the tripod came the smoke, from a pot containing ashes. Half an hour later Mary showed me the hide. It was browned right through and perfectly cured.

Like most Crees, she laughed a lot. My awkwardness was the source of continual amusement to her, but living with her I learned the elements of squawcraft, so that later on I was not completely helpless when it came to the question of looking after an Indian husband.

Three weeks after I went to stay with Mary I got a job as a waitress

with the Stirling Construction Company. The hours were long, and in that wholly male company there was always a boisterous gauntlet of wolf pawings to be run. But they treated me well and I earned seventy dollars a month.

The news that I was living in the Indian village soon spread among the white wives on the island. One day I had a visit from one of these memsahibs.

I'm Given A Lecture

Mary Loutit's daughter Janey was with us at the time, having returned from a trapping expedition with her husband. Janey was curing some pelts and was showing me how to scrape the fat off the inside of the skins before stretching them out on wooden hoops to dry, when a knock sounded on the door. Mary opened it. The visitor was a memsahib. "I've come to see Miss Dolman," she said at the door.

"Won't you come inside?" I asked, going to the door.

"I'd rather not. Could I speak to you outside?"

"All right," I agreed, wiping my hands. "I'll get my parka."

It was written all over her face that the memsahibs had had a meeting about me and she had been chosen to tackle me personally. "Miss Dolman," she began, "I want you to be very patient with me. I

know it's none of my business, but I feel it's my duty to warn you of the serious consequences. . . ."

I had heard it all before: it was a bad thing for a white person to live with or associate with Indians; it was unwise; it was laying myself open to a fate worse than death, and my health was sure to suffer under such unhygienic conditions.

"I can't understand what all this fuss is about," I said. "I'm living with a very respectable lady. These people are not headhunters, but just ordinary, decent folk. Everything is perfectly above board."

Every memsahib at that meeting must have had her own particular theory to explain why I had gone native, as they put it. But none of the theories could have credited me with any choice in the matter, because their spokeswoman now played her last trump card but one. She said: "My child, if you are in difficulties, we can help you. If you are unwell, we can arrange for you to be taken care of in a hospital, and nobody need know a thing. We can even arrange for you to be given a job—somewhere else."

"I'm perfectly fit, and I've got a job."

"Well, look here—," she was losing her patience, "we have decided to do the best we can for you. We'll raise your passage home to England between us, but we must have an assurance that you will leave as soon as possible."

"I don't think you understand," I said. "I came to Canada to get to know Indians, and I've barely started. Living among them is part of my education, and I like it." The interview ended—and I stayed on among the Indians.

Hardly any Indian tribal customs and ceremonies remain today. I've seen the Sun Dance in Alberta and heard the drum beating at the Calgary Stampede, but all that the Swampy Crees have to perpetuate their great and ancient ancestry is a little Treaty Day ceremony in August when the chief of the village, Gilbert Fairies, palavers with the local Mounties and officials of



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"Keep yapping at me so I won't fall asleep"

the Indian Administration in full dress uniform, and everybody whoops and cheers.

The Swampy Crees have been converted for generations. The settlements are entirely Christian, either Roman Catholic or Anglican, and many are strenuous churchgoers. Remnants of their war dances can be found in the improvisation at square dances, but they are christened, confirmed and married in a church the way we are, and when they die rest comes in a churchyard, with a little white cross planted to mark the spot. They subsist in the winter by trapping, and in the summer on fish and by casual labouring if the jobs happen to be going. For most of them it is a hand-to-mouth existence on the edge of starvation. It is remarkable how generous and cheerful they remain in spite of it.

Meeting On The Ice

I had become firm friends with Ruby Fairies ever since I had gone to live with her grandmother, and one night she suggested that we go skating together at the little protected bay near the village where the river freezes flat and hard.

The moon was full and high as we came down the path, and the bay was like a crazy roulette wheel with everybody going round with a good deal of shouting, screaming and laughter. We were among them in no time, Ruby supporting me because I was not too sure of myself on skates, and as we went round we passed a few male figures sitting on the grassy bank. The next time we came round one of the figures said: "Hello, Miss Dolman."

"Who's that?" I asked. Then, as we got nearer, I realized it was the young man I had first met at Rachael Cheechoo's home which I had visited a few months before with my Indian friend, Margo Gull. "Oh, it's Superman!" I added. And the other figures laughed because his Cree nickname was "Mes Chagalah," meaning Big Fellow.

A couple of days later I found Sinclair Cheechoo on the ice again. He had been playing ice hockey, but the match was over and he was just knocking the puck about when Ruby and I joined in. The other braves merely laughed at our attempts, but Sinclair was rather helpful, giving me a few skating tips

and holding me up as I took a crack at the puck.

He didn't say very much, but when it was time to go I was surprised to see him helping me to take my skates off. An Indian needs nerve to make his gallantries public, and I heard later that he was ribbed unmercifully. Cupid has a thin time at Moose Factory. Courtship is top secret, and lovers go to amazing lengths to cover up their meetings. Only married couples are seen out together, and even they sit separately at public functions.

Sinclair was nineteen, barely a fortnight younger than myself, and a pure-blooded Cree Indian. Taller and broader than most of his fellow braves, and with sullen unsmiling features, he appeared more characteristically Red Indian than any of the others I had met. He belonged to an old Moose Factory family that had lived in the village for generations. His father, Alan Cheechoo, had died years before and Ruby had told me how his mother, Maria Cheechoo, had struggled to bring up her three children. Sinclair was the youngest; then came Christine; the eldest was Robert, who had married a French girl and lived in the city.

Sinclair had gone to a French Cree school in Albany and had not picked up any English until he was thirteen, but he had done well since. He was a fine hunter and popular with the tourists who came shooting in the autumn and needed a good guide.

I didn't speak to Sinclair again until New Year's Eve, which is the night of the year at Moose Factory, and the village celebrates it with a square dance at one of the bigger houses, or, as it happened that year, in the parish recreation hut. I went with Ruby and her mother.

Ruby had already put me through the paces, so I had a pretty good idea of what to expect. The Crees had borrowed their square dance from the West, of course adding their own variations. When the band—it consisted that night of a fiddler and two guitarists—strikes up, the men who are going to dance make a ring in the centre of the hall, shuffling round slowly while each man makes up his mind about which girl he is going to make a dash for the moment one of them takes the initiative, calling "Partners all, partners all!" The girls chosen remain sitting, while the ring is

re-formed in the centre: they get up only when the caller repeats his second "Partners all, partners all!"

The music has never flagged for a second, and now as the girls form a second ring the caller starts the two rings moving in opposite directions. From there it develops into various patterns on the floor, with the caller calling the changes, the dancers performing them and the more agile males adding their own variations: as when the caller is saying, "... Place the ladies back to back ... gents go round ..." the boys add a few twiddly bits going round, before the caller continues, "Yours is pretty and so is mine, I'll swing yours and you swing mine. Yours is a nickel, mine's a dime. You swing yours and I'll swing mine. ..."

An unattached Cree brave never addresses a single girl in public unless he means to follow it up, so the moment Sinclair came into the hall Ruby nudged me and I tried to make myself invisible: the whole village was gossiping about his being sweet on me, and twice a memsahib had mentioned she had heard my name linked with an Indian's and that I should watch my step. I was not interested in him at the time, at least I didn't think I was, but I had thought it out seriously and decided that I'd dance with whoever asked me, red or white.

Sinclair, who had a temporary job as nightwatchman at the school, was on duty at the time, but Ruby explained that he had probably made up his fires in the school and would not need to look at them again for another three or four hours. He went on the floor for the first dance and was making straight for me on the "Partners all" when he was beaten to it by a tall Indian in a blue lumber jacket. But Sinclair made it the second time, and for every dance after that, until he had to go back to his fires and the band stopped for cookies and coffee.

Left In Disgust

We were hot and perspiring, Ruby and I having danced energetically for a matter of hours, and were game for more, but her mother wanted to go home after the refreshments, so I went with them. I heard later that Sinclair returned shortly after we left, looked round the hall and went back to the school in disgust.

It was past midnight, but there had been no excitement at all, not a single "Happy New Year!" The fun came next morning, when everybody went visiting. Whole families went from house to house, sitting quietly for a little while, and walking out again without another word. It was done very shyly, with a

minimum of conversation. The exits were usually decided by the leaders of the visiting parties, who would get up first and walk out, the others following obediently.

I found the Crees the gentlest of people, but they showed little emotion. Goodbyes to them were superfluous. They smiled rarely, seldom bothered to look round when you came into a room, and their rules of politeness did not decree that people should normally face each other when they carried on a conversation; as far as I observed, the reverse seemed to apply.

That afternoon they held sled races across the ice, and every man who possessed a sled and three dogs entered. There were dozens of competitors, and races, organized by a couple of Mounties, took us well into the evening. I was walking home alone, when Sinclair came up and asked if he could walk home with me. He was very shy and tongue-tied, but just as we came near Mary Loutit's place he said, "I like to walk you home tomorrow night."

"Okay," I said. "I'm through at the canteen at six thirty."

"I be there."

Sinclair Proposes To Me

He kept his word, never missing a day after that and never being late. One evening he asked if I'd like to go with him to the poolroom in Moosonee, and we walked over in brilliant moonlight, with the great white river stretching luminously up into the frozen North. The crunch of our feet in the snow and our voices seemed to echo for miles. We discussed the fact that our names were being linked and we planned how we should enter the poolroom without giving everybody there something to tease us about.

I went first into the poolroom and joined Ruby, who was playing bowls with a few other girls. Sinclair followed later and played snooker; and neither of us appeared to notice the other's existence all evening. I doubt if the ruse worked, because there was a good deal of giggling and nudging in both male and female camps.

On the way home I slipped out first and waited for him on the river bank. It was after ten. The moon was well over the other bank, and Charles Island was casting a long, solemn shadow across the ice as we approached it. The bush trail was as silent and lonely as the rim of the Arctic, and our voices were falling on the snow-laden bushes when suddenly, Sinclair blurted out: "I like to marry with you."

He had stopped in a patch of moonlight, and he looked so worried I wanted to laugh. I said, "Can you afford it?"

He had a house, he explained as we walked on; at least it was his mother's house, but she wanted him to have it when he got married. He also had a job and a little money saved up. We explored the idea, and when we reached Mary's veranda steps I said I would think it over. We stood for a moment without speaking, then I added, "Good night, Sinclair."

"See you tomorrow," he replied, taking my gloved hand. He tried to kiss my cheek, but the fur of my parka hood got in his mouth and I ran up the veranda steps.

I know why poets choose the spring and summer for romance, because we courted with the thermometer at forty or fifty below, and I'll never forget it. If it was not too cold we would take a walk, and whenever Stirlings ran a film we would go together, though he would have to sit

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with the men and I with the girls.

Most evenings he picked me up at the canteen and we would visit his friends and sit round their stoves talking till late. Then he would walk me home, and these were really the only moments we had alone together. We would linger outside Mary Loutit's, loath to part, making plans and talking about our families until my teeth would be chattering and I would be so cold I would just have to go in.

Sinclair admitted he had liked me ever since I first came to Bishop Horden's, and that he was in love with me at the New Year's Eve dance. But I had kept a stronger hold on my emotions—for several reasons, I suppose, but particularly on account of the memsahibs. Yet the moment I felt I was really in love, I told Sinclair, and he produced a jeweller's catalogue that looked as though it had been thumbed by every courting couple in the village. Together we selected an engagement ring, and the day after I gave him my answer he wrote off to Toronto, enclosing the money.

Diamond And Gold

A week later, on my half day, I was having supper with Mary when Sinclair arrived, asking if I would like to go across to Moosonee. I could see he was excited, and on the way over asked him point blank if he had heard from Toronto.

"No," he replied, but I knew he was kidding. A moment later he was on his knees in the snow, untying a small parcel, while I held the flashlamp. As he opened the little box I saw two rings peeping from under their satin quilt: one had a diamond; the other was pure gold.

It wasn't long before the impact of the news on the white colony rebounded at me. There were more memsahibs who said I had to think of the effect our forbidden love would have on the children, that Sinclair and I would have each other but that the children would have the worst of both worlds; and there were two anonymous letters. When one visitor came to add theology to the weight of the arguments I thought it was time I answered back.

"I don't know very much about religion," I told him. "But at Sunday school I was taught that all men were brothers, equal in the sight of God. I was taught that we were to love one another, but nobody said anything about Indians not marrying white people. I had to come to Canada to learn that. For God's sake leave me alone. The only people who have any right to object are my parents, and they don't."

I had sent home photographs of Sinclair, and they had said he looked a fine, handsome fellow; none of my family had thought of him as an

Indian—and in the same breath that we whites were better.

Sinclair took me to meet his mother and sister, and to see the home that was to be ours. His mother was in her middle fifties, minus a leg since it had become gangrenous after frostbite and had had to be amputated. She went about on a crutch, for which she had a little snow-shoe for use outside; and managed as well as any normal housewife, chopping wood, cooking, fetching water, washing and ironing. She didn't exactly fall round my neck when we met, but she said she was pleased about the coming marriage, and Christine, his elder sister, seemed a nice friendly girl.

We had intended getting married in July, hoping to have enough saved before that, but Sinclair lost his job in the school, though he managed to get into the saw-mill soon after, and suddenly, without warning, in the third week of February, I was given notice by Stirlings. I was rather upset when I gave Sinclair the news. "I will have to leave the island if I want to get work," I said.

"No," he replied, after thinking it over for a few moments. "We get married next week." He meant that as a squaw I would not have to work, for he had often said he would never have his wife taking orders from anybody else. We added up what we had between us, and there was just enough for our return fares to Cochrane, a week there and the price of a few things we needed badly. There could be no dress and no reception, but then, as we discussed the matter excitedly, those things didn't mean a thing.

It was a kind of elopement. We kept it secret and slipped off very early on March 2, carrying our luggage between us over the ice to catch the seven-thirty train from Moosonee. We did not pause and Sinclair, who was carrying the heavy baggage, did not change hands once during the whole of that three-mile walk across the ice.

Ten hours later we were nearing the end of our journey. As our train steamed into Cochrane Station, Sinclair turned and looked at me. On his face was all the anxiety I had seen in the patch of moonlight on Charles Island the night he proposed to me. "You still want to marry with me, Margaret?" he asked. "I not chief's son. I just Indian boy."

The train jolted to a stop. I took his hands and smiled at him. "Don't be an ass, Sinclair. Of course, I want to marry you. Now hurry." I hustled him impatiently, grabbing some of our things. I had to do something right then because I really wanted to cry.

NEXT WEEK: We hold a Red Indian wedding dance. I learn squawcraft.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Way to solve your problems

MOST of us have problems—and I don't mean just worries, either. You don't have to worry, but you can't evade problems. The important thing is to know exactly what your problem is. When you have clearly defined your difficulty, you have gone halfway to solving it.

The trouble is that we are all much too ready to plunge wildly around, instead of pausing to get a clear picture. That's why it often helps to seek outside advice. An outsider can see straight without a lot of prejudices and wishful thoughts getting in the way.

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

Continued from page 19

about our esteemed Chief Education Officer—friend Huntley?"

"Wobbler," said Ravenstreet. "Wobbling written all over him."

"No, he hasn't. He was very much on our side when it came up before." Miss Weeks was admirably businesslike now. "So you can put him down. Also Mrs. Coote, who's Chairman of the Education Committee—and very keen. Also, the Medical Officer—Dr. Barr, who might be useful. Then there's Councillor Gisburn, one of the best of the younger Labour men, who didn't understand much about it but stood up to Muleford. Then there's old Jordan, who used to be on the Council—I believe he was mayor once—but then resigned. He pressed hard for the Festival, and though he's old and rather eccentric he still has some influence."

Later, after the others had gone, Hilda looked at Laura. "I think I understand about this Commodore man," she said, "but I don't quite see the young man. Tell me more about him. What's his name—Jenks?"

"Hilda, darling," said Laura firmly, "I hope you can meet him quite soon. But I haven't anything more I can tell you about him at present. After all, we've only just met, and though we talked for hours, the Commodore was there all the time."

With an impulsiveness rare with her, Hilda put down her knitting, sprang out of her chair and crossed the hearth to embrace Laura, who was sitting on the settee. "I am very, very fond of you, Laura, darling," she said softly, "and I long for you to be happy."

"Oh—Hilda!" And Laura stared at her, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "I know you do. But how wonderful of you to say so. Let's wash up now, shall we?"

And then they both laughed. It was as though there was so much magic about that even Hilda could feel it. As for Laura, she was half drowned in it.

COMMODORE TRIBE knocked on the door in the White Hart marked PRIVATE, and then, on being told to enter, found that Mr. Seth Hull appeared to be going over some accounts with the young woman from the cashier's desk below. "I'm sorry. You're busy, I see."

"No, no, Commodore," said Mr. Hull. "Just finished. What's the time? Gone twelve? Then yer'll take something with me. All right, me dear." And the young woman departed with her accounts.

"If you're having something," said the Commodore.

"Always do about this time," said Mr. Hull, with the solemnity of men who do have something about that time. "Gin or a drop o' Scotch, Commodore?"

"A drop of Scotch," said the Commodore, smiling his approval. He had liked Mr. Hull the night before, when they had had some pleasant talk, and he was prepared to like him even more this morning. Here was a good, solid man in a good, solid room. There were two armchairs, capacious and leathery, meant for solid men; and the Commodore sank into one of them gratefully. Mr. Hull, who believed in doing one thing at a time but doing it well, was silent, pouring out the two drops of Scotch, both of gigantic dimensions.

Mr. Seth Hull was the proprietor of

this White Hart Hotel, owned the largest garage in Farbridge, and was reputed, as the Commodore had already discovered, to be a partner in a flourishing commission agency and to have a thick finger in many other pies. He was also the chairman of the Farbridge United Football Club, and the president of the Farbridge and District Billiards Association. He was a strongly built man of about sixty, with a square, clean-shaven, mottled face, out of which two tiny blue eyes stared like indignant forget-me-nots. His rusty bass voice did not belong to the south Midlands but suggested an origin north of the Trent.

He and the Commodore had first met on the previous evening, and had at once taken to each other. But now he presented the Commodore with a tricky problem. Here was a man not easily or safely humbugged. But could the Commodore afford to be frank with him? It was tricky: this was a man to have on your side.

"Well," said Mr. Hull, holding up his glass, a tumbler built like himself, "here's how!"

"Here's how!" said the Commodore with equal solemnity, knowing that men like Hull do not admire sketchy, casual drinkers. He took a good pull, then smacked his lips. "I say—that's uncommonly good Scotch—uncommonly good. I haven't tasted better for years."

Mr. Hull nodded complacently. "It's a drop o' the real stuff. Don't give it to everybody, yer know."

"Glad to hear it, Mr. Hull. Keep it for men who can appreciate it—like me." And he winked.

Mr. Hull winked back, quite slowly. Then he said: "Like a cigar, Commodore?"

"I would, thank you, but not to smoke immediately. Too near lunch-time."

"Never touch one before lunch myself," said Mr. Hull, rising heavily. "But just the same yer'll have one, to smoke later. I'd like your opinion o' these cigars." And then, like a man giving prizes, he gave the Commodore a large cigar enclosed in a white metal tube and awarded one to himself.

"Now, I hope I'm not wrong," the Commodore began, when they had settled themselves down after this prize-giving, "but I have an idea, Mr. Hull, that I couldn't do better than talk to you before talking to anybody else—I mean anybody

else of importance—in this town."

"If you're selling something, Commodore," said Mr. Hull, "it's no go. Money's too tight just now."

"No, I've nothing to sell. Except an idea—and I'm not asking you to pay for that."

"Then I'll buy it," said Mr. Hull, and wheezed for a few moments like a grandfather clock. The Commodore laughed politely with him, and then waited. "What is this idea?"

"Most towns are celebrating this Festival of Britain this spring," said the Commodore. "Farbridge isn't."

"That's right. Turned it down. Couldn't afford it."

"Well, I want to persuade the local authorities to change their minds."

"Why?" said Mr. Hull.

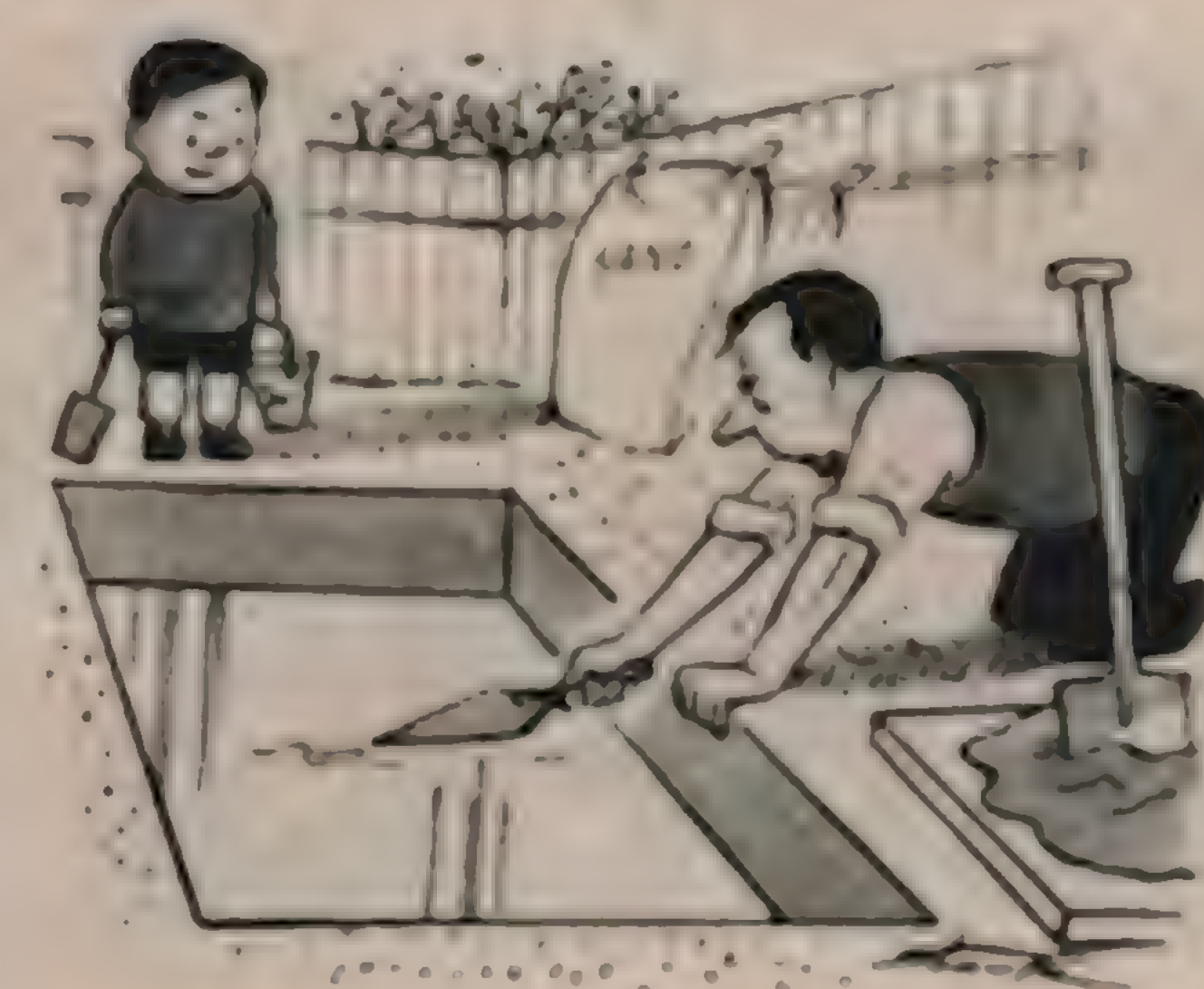
"For one reason, I think people ought to celebrate festivals—"

"Go on!" And Mr. Hull closed his eyes, wagging his head slowly, as if in an ecstasy of scepticism.

The Commodore finished his Scotch in one tremendous gulp. He needed a bit of help, and it would do this talk no harm if Hull decided to



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refill the glasses. "Look—I'll be perfectly frank with you, and I can only hope you'll keep it to yourself. I'm nearly broke—oh I can pay my hotel bill, but you know what I mean—and I happen to like this neighbourhood—I've been running a monthly review not far from here—and don't feel like moving on just now. And when I've persuaded 'em here they ought to have a Festival, I want to persuade 'em that I'm the man to run it. I've two nice youngsters who want to help me—you've met one of them, he's staying here, young Jenks. Mind you, I don't expect to get fat on it—I've no illusions about that—but it'll keep me going until something else turns up—and this might encourage that something to turn up—and it'll keep me amused. You see, Mr. Hull, I'm putting my cards on the table. Just for your sake. I daren't talk to anybody else here like this. So please keep this to yourself."

Mr. Hull equalled the Commodore's great gulp, then took the glasses to the desk. As before, he said nothing while engaged in the solemn task of filling the glasses.

"Here's how!"

"Here's how!"

There was a pause. "I'll tell yer one thing, Commodore. If yer'd talked any other way but what yer did, I wouldn't have given yer this second glass o' Scotch. I'd have said to meself 'Bloody poppycock!' that's what I'd have said. Now I'll ask yer two questions."

SETH HULL stopped and stared at the Commodore. "Question Number One. What d'yer think is going to amuse yer running one o' these dam' festivals?"

The Commodore grinned. "Honest to God, I don't know. But after being stuck in a damp barn for months, writing nonsense about foreign affairs, I think a festival would be a nice change. Shows, music, bright lights, fun and games. And don't forget you won't do badly out of it, with people pouring into the place. No, don't tell me they won't—because I'll see to that—"

"And how will yer see to it?"

"Showmanship, ballyhoo, banging the big drum. I've had some experience, you know, though not lately here at home."

"Question Number Two," Mr. Hull announced, staring hard. "How long do yer think yer can pay at present rate—bedroom, meals, drinks?"

The Commodore returned the hard stare. "Bit personal that, isn't it?"

"No, it's not a bit personal, it's a lot personal. Needn't answer if yer don't want. Please yerself, Commodore."

This was it. Now, which way? The Commodore hesitated a moment, then suddenly grinned again. "After a couple of weeks, at the present rate, I shan't be feeling too happy. And I may add that I owe money elsewhere, though I don't think I need worry about that."

"Why?"

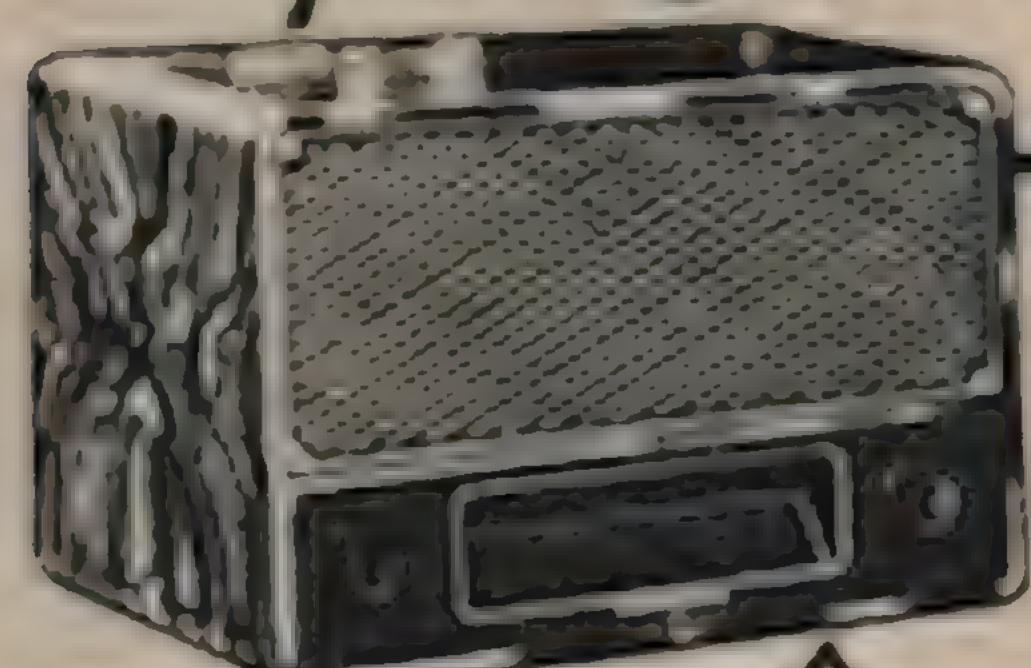
"A woman comes into it."

"Ar—she does, does she?"

The Commodore stood up. "And now I've answered your questions, Mr. Hull, freely and frankly, and thrown in some thanks for this excellent whisky, just let me say this—damn and blast your impudence!"

"That's right." And Mr. Hull brought out his rusty, wheezy laugh again. "Put yer through it properly, didn't I?" He rose ponderously, holding out a hand like several pounds of sirloin. "I think yer'll

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do, Commodore. Shake hands."
"Certainly. But what does this mean?"

"It means I'm on. And if yer've got Seth Hull with yer in this town, yer've not made a bad start. Now finish yer Scotch an' come with me."

He led the way up a flight of back stairs to the second floor, where he moved massively and in silence along the landing. Near the end he turned into a dark little passage and opened a door. The room they entered was fairly long and very narrow, and appeared to be a sitting-room that had not been used for a very long time. It had one small and grimy window. As Mr. Hull did not speak, the Commodore, who did not know what to say and was waiting to learn why he had been brought there, had time to take stock of the place. It contained a table covered with a worn dark-green tablecloth, a lopsided armchair upholstered in rubbed leather, three chairs that had once been part of a dining-room set, and a little old yellowish upright piano. The carpet was a faded brown. The walls seemed to have been decorated with dirty pickled cabbage, and on one of them was General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., and on another was a large misty Victorian maiden. The smell was a mixture of soot and old clothes.

"What d'yer think of it, Commodore?"

"Forlorn and neglected sort of hole, isn't it?" said the Commodore lightly.

"Dare say." Mr. Hull then looked accusingly at him. "Well, take it or leave it."

"Take it—as what?"

"Office. Festival job. Have to have something, won't yer? Won't charge yer anything."

"Oh—well, of course," cried the Commodore, much relieved. "We'll be delighted, Mr. Hull. Very good of you. I'll get these two young people of mine up here as soon as I can. Probably they can brighten it up a little, somehow. The girl will probably have some ideas—they usually have, and she's a bright little thing. No telephone of course."

"No, and can't fix that. But there's one not far off on the landing. Right then—and here's the key. That's settled."

On the way down, the Commodore began to talk freely of his plans.

"Miss Casey, who's acting as my secretary, has produced a very useful little list of people here who are known to be for and against the Festival scheme. I propose to see some of them as soon as I can, but I may send my assistant, Mr. Jenks, to interview several of the less important types. We have to work fast, of course, Mr. Hull."

"Right. And while yer at it, just call me Seth—saves a bit o' time."

"Certainly, Seth. A good idea."

"And I'll stick to Commodore," said Seth. "Tickles me fancy. Never met one before. Now we'll go downstairs. I've a lunch date, but I want to do a bit o' telephoning for yer first. So just hold on."

They separated in the lounge entrance, where the Commodore found Laura and Theodore. They were talking earnestly, clearly absorbed in one another, and the Commodore felt he had almost to break through an invisible shell, designed to cut them off from the ordinary world, before he could get at them.

"First game to us," he announced triumphantly, tossing the key on the little table. "I've won over the landlord, now Seth to me, and he's given us a room on the second floor that we

can use as an office. There's the key. It's a horrible dingy little brute of a place that nobody's had any fun in for years and years, but while I'm out and about this afternoon, I want you two to do what you can to clean and brighten the place up. Think you could manage it?"

"We'll try," said Theodore, and looked at Laura, who was flashing her excitement like a little lighthouse. She nodded eagerly, her eyes blazing away.

"Do what you can with it," continued the Commodore, secretly hoping that Theodore, in his present exalted state, might be inspired to spend some money improving that room. "You understand that sort of thing much better than I do. Especially you, Miss Casey—or is it time I made it Laura?"

"Yes, of course," she cried. "It's silly bothering about these misters and misses. Can we go up and look at it now?"

He graciously wafted them upwards with one large gesture. No sooner had they hurried away than Seth emerged from the office, and the Commodore crossed the lounge to meet him.

"Have to be off now," said Seth. "Meet yer here just after three, Commodore. Then we go and see the Mayor and the Town Clerk. I'll go along and give yer support."

"Now that's very kind of you, Seth."

"Not it. I've a fancy to see yer in action against them two. We'll have a good afternoon wi' them."

"What are they like?"

"Couple o' twerps. Well, I'm off."

The Commodore gazed at the broad retreating back with considerable satisfaction. This was a bulldozing ally. His instinct had not failed him when he had decided to start first with Seth Hull. He moved with complacent dignity towards the dining-room, where a cool sparkle of March sunlight was illuminating not ungenerous helpings of Lancashire hotpot.

ALDERMAN HERBERT WALMER, Mayor of Farbridge, was a prosperous ironmonger, a Liberal and a Wesleyan, who had arrived at the Mayor's Parlour, where he was sitting now, by way of long and cautious service in municipal affairs. He was a gaunt, whiskery man, who looked like a Victorian celebrity seen on a television screen, the general outline of him being impressive, but the details blurred and jellying. He was probably the most respectable man between Birmingham and Bristol. He had a powerful, clanging voice, admirable for public speaking, but he suffered from two defects: some peculiar relation between his breathing, his bushy moustache, his dentures, compelled him to make a sound somewhere between a buzz and a hiss, a sort of loud Pzzzz; and, like many other public men who are mainly self-educated, who talk a great deal but are always anxious not to commit themselves, he had much trouble with his syntax, often entangling himself beyond help in relative clauses.

Whatever might have happened outside, the Mayor's Parlour with its waxed pine, its civic insignia, its huge photographs of previous mayors, never failed to soothe Alderman Herbert Walmer. Sitting at ease now in its largest chair, he looked around him with unwearied satisfaction. The objective world, that smoothly treacherous scene, gave no sign that trouble might be on its way. All was well, it seemed. His Worship was a non-smoker as well

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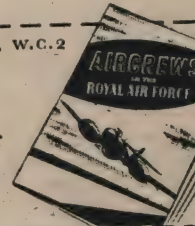
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Drawn by Rowland Hilder, R.I.

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as a teetotaller, otherwise he might have puffed away in great contentment; as it was, he gave himself a boiled sweet, and sucked it with noisy abandon.

After a few minutes of this lotus-eating flavoured with peppermint, the Town Clerk arrived. Mr. Meare was a small man, neat as an expensive doll, with an over-sized head and a wistful expression.

"I was wondering, Mr. Mayor," he began apologetically, "what might be behind—visit of Mr. Hull. . . ."

The Mayor did not share his anxiety. "Pzzzz. Probably wants me to attend a football match or present some of his billiard prizes; which I might be willing to undertake, other things being equal, which they may not be, of course. We'll see, Mr. Meare. We'll see." And he waved a long arm negligently.

Mr. Meare stared at the hand at the end of this arm as if it might produce a rabbit. "Yes, of course, Mr. Mayor. Something of that sort—though in that case I don't quite see—that is, why he should ask for me—nothing to do with my department."

The Mayor heavily crunched what remained of his boiled sweet, wiped his mouth with an enormous handkerchief, settled his moustache, and observed: "Seth Hull never understood public business, the way we have to run things, which he never had nothing to do with, he's had no experience, Seth Hull hasn't."

"Never served on the council, I believe?"

"Not him. Pzzzz. Couldn't be induced, which is not saying he ought to have been. He's been useful from time to time, in his own way, which isn't a way I'd always approve of, on the contrary, but he's nicely off. Pzzzz. He's very nicely off," he added, dropping his voice. The Mayor had that deep respect for money which is generally found among old-fashioned Nonconformist shopkeepers. "I wouldn't like to say what Seth Hull is worth today, which is a tidy sum, a very tidy sum, though no wife and family, nobody but himself."

"A good hotel, the White Hart," the Town Clerk ventured, for, like most nervous people, he felt compelled to keep a conversation going.

THE Mayor frowned, and even brought a kind of disapproval into his opening Pzzzz. "In a way, I suppose it is, never recommending it myself, and not caring to be seen there myself, either, which is all between ourselves, Mr. Meare." He hesitated a moment, held the Town Clerk's troubled glance, then whispered: "Pzzzz. Goings on. In the war he was lucky not to have got into trouble, what with a lot of talk and goings on. Pzzzz."

The Town Clerk might be an over-conscientious and worried official but he was human, and he happened to belong to that larger category of persons who, unlike the Mayor, are at once fascinated by and rather wistful about goings on. So now he asked: "What—er—exactly—sort of—?"

"Pzzzz," replied the Mayor severely. "Don't think you need ask, Mr. Meare. You can imagine what they were up to."

"Oh—yes, of course—naturally." The Town Clerk had been a scholar in his youth and now had a vision of rose petals falling into purple wine, flushed cheeks and white arms, the clashing of cymbals; then hurriedly dismissed it for the idiocy it was. The subject must be changed. "Shall I—or would you prefer to deal with him or them yourself, Mr. Mayor—or shall

OH, JOHNNY!



we wait until—how to handle it?"

"Pzzzz." The Mayor was an alarm clock now. Both men looked at the door. The visitors were announced. At once the parlour seemed crowded, with all its peace and quiet gone for ever, as if half the world had marched in.

MR. MEARE knew at once that trouble had arrived. Seth Hull looked more formidable than usual; and his companion, who was introduced to them as Commodore Tribe, was a tall, bulky man, whose manner, affable but slightly condescending, suggested he was a person of some consequence. He seemed to give the parlour one quick glance, then dismiss it as a third-rate room in a third-rate town hall. Mr. Meare felt very small, fragile, anxious.

"Now gentlemen," said this Commodore Tribe, as soon as they were all seated, "I'll explain at once—and as briefly as possible—why I asked our friend Mr. Hull to bring me here." His tone was curt, authoritative; his glance challenging. "A few days ago I attended a small conference in London. We discussed the plans for the Festival of Britain, with particular reference to the provinces. I was shown, at my request, a list of those towns that have made no special arrangements for holding a local celebration. Among those towns was Farbridge." He looked at them accusingly. Then, relenting, he smiled. "As I have friends in this neighbourhood, I agreed to come down here to discover if I could persuade you people here to fall into line with all the more important municipal authorities in the country. It was felt, in London that you may not have realized your responsibility in this matter of the Festival. No doubt you concluded that an independent celebration could safely be left to the cities and a few of the larger towns."

"Pzzzz," the Mayor began. "That was the decision we—after careful consideration," said the Town Clerk, hurriedly intervening. "Into the question—the question thoroughly—last year."

"Pzzzz. We appointed a special committee, with the power to co-opt various interested persons, which decided against having a Farbridge Festival, and which we have a report of its findings. You have one, Mr. Meare?"

"Certainly—of course—at once," and the Town Clerk scurried off like a rabbit.

"Pzzzz. Better wait till the Town

Clerk brings that report," said the Mayor, not quite comfortable because the Commodore was staring at him severely again.

The Commodore now produced the cigar that Seth had given him before lunch, slowly removed it from its metal cylinder, pierced it with great care, blew down it thoughtfully like a woodwind player tuning up, and then lit it, just as the Town Clerk returned with the report. The Town Clerk hesitated, looking at the cigar with some respect. Here was a man setting fire, in the middle of the afternoon, to about fifteen shillings.

"I'm sorry, my dear sir," said the Commodore, almost as if he had slipped away to Havana itself. "Thank you." He accepted the type-written sheets, glanced at them rather disdainfully as though he were used to handling much better reports, and casually whipped over the pages. "I see that the chairman of this committee was an Alderman Tanhead," he observed, with some hint of distaste.

"Chairman of Finance," said the Town Clerk.

"Pzzzz. And as Chairman of Finance, which seemed to us the proper person to run this special committee, which was appointed for this particular job."

"Indeed," murmured the Commodore, blowing smoke at the report and giving the impression that he was gently disinfecting it. "And what does Alderman Tanhead do when he's not being Chairman of Finance or otherwise assisting the council?"

"Corn merchant," said Seth Hull, before the other two could reply, "in a smallish way."

"A corn merchant," the Commodore repeated in a tone of quiet melancholy. "Well, no doubt a sound man."

"We all have great confidence in Alderman Tanhead," said the Mayor. "Pzzzz. That isn't to say I've always agreed with him on all questions, which I haven't, and on some questions he's not capable of taking a broad, liberal view, and that he can be narrow at times, I dare say—"

The Commodore promptly rescued the talk from this morass. "Yet a sound man. A good Chairman of Finance." He tapped the report. "But the right man for this? I doubt it, gentlemen. I've had dealings with public authorities in many parts of the world, and it's been my experience that so-called sound men in charge of finance have only one

object—to prevent money being spent."

"Every time," said Seth.

"Pzzzz." This was an angry one, like a hornet in the room. "With all due respect, I say it's our business, which it always has been, who we make a chairman of when arranging a committee. Pzzzz. Which amounts," he added crossly, "to it not being necessary to have any further discussion under this head."

Although he was aware of the change in the Mayor's manner, the Commodore blandly ignored it. He looked at the report again. "Well, now, I see that there was a small majority in favour of not holding a Festival on the ground that Farbridge is not a sufficiently large town and would find it difficult to afford a special Festival grant. In short, Farbridge is too small and too poor."

"Poppycock an' bunkum," said Seth.

"Put like that, no doubt it may be," said the Mayor, "but I must say that though I was willing to be guided by the finding of the committee, which I'd appointed, that had been my opinion from the first. Pzzzz. And the Town Clerk felt the same, which there's no harm in admitting now."

"Well—there were some people—apparently some feeling—Festival might be held," said the Town Clerk. "But—as you say, Commodore—Farbridge too small—cannot afford it."

"I don't say it," said the Commodore with some asperity, giving the Town Clerk a severe glance. "I was merely summarizing the argument here in this report. For my part I agree with Mr. Hull in thinking it nonsense. The chief point has been missed. Astonishing but true, gentlemen—it's been clean missed. Size is relative. In comparison with Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, then Farbridge is a small town, with its modest fifty thousand or so."

"About fifty-six thousand three hundred now," the Town Clerk observed, with a touch of pride.

"Very good." The Commodore gave him an approving nod, then looked hard at the Mayor. "Now, while advising a well-known editor on foreign affairs, I've been staying lately in the village of Tredberrow. And nobody in Tredberrow would think of Farbridge as a small town. And the same applies to scores of villages and hamlets in these parts. To all those good folk, quite apart from your fifty-six thousand here, Farbridge represents the urban life, with all its luxuries, its glitter and glamour. To them it is—the town. Look at your map, and it will prove my point. And if Farbridge has no Festival, then for most of these people, including your own, there is no Festival."

"Un-con-tra-dict-able," cried Seth surprisingly.

BOTH the Mayor and the Town Clerk tried to speak, but the Commodore rose impressively. "By George, gentlemen, I came here, more or less under instructions, to appeal to your patriotism, to remind you that you are in Britain when there is to be a Festival of Britain. But now I'll say nothing about that. For now I ask—where's your civic pride, gentlemen? The people looked to you. Not only your own people but all the people for scores of miles around, who come to your markets and spend their money here—some of it on Alderman Tanhead's corn, I have no doubt. They imagined that all the celebrations throughout the



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country would be duplicated, perhaps excelled, here in Farbridge for them. They saw themselves living like princes for a week or two, with all the arts and graces of life waiting on them. And what do you do? You mutter that you're a small town and can't afford it, like a miserly housewife refusing a beggar, and slam the door in their faces."

"That's the stuff," cried Seth. "Now what are yer going to say, chaps?"

Mr. Meare glanced at the Mayor, who seemed to be brooding. "I must confess," said Mr. Meare, "—point about the importance of Farbridge—large rural area—not previously raised so not taken into consideration—though of course—"

"Pzzzz." The Mayor came to life. "I see your argument, which I'm not saying was taken into consideration by our committee, which didn't, and it's a good point, a very good point. Pzzzz. We here in Farbridge, which is an ancient borough, that's proud to offer the—er—facilities and conveniences—to the people of the rural areas, which haven't got what we've got, but of course we must consider our own ratepayers first, and that doesn't mean we can't fulfil our obligations to the county, while at the same time we have to meet the reasonable demands of our townspeople, though I won't agree we think of Farbridge as either a small town or as a poor town, which it—"

"Here, Mr. Mayor," Seth cut in brutally, "can't yer make it shorter?"

"Pzzzz. I didn't notice your friend here making it short."

"No, but he was saying something. You're just tying yerself in knots."

FOR a moment all the tufts of iron-grey hair on the Mayor's face—and they sprouted everywhere humanly possible—seemed to quiver with rage. But he recovered himself, ignored Seth and turned to the Commodore. "Pzzzz. The point I was about to make, which contradicts your argument, with all due respect, is there's been no wide public demand for a festival, not here or in the surrounding districts. Pzzzz." There appeared to be more of these buzzings when he was agitated.

"Are you sure, Mr. Mayor?" the Commodore inquired politely. He saw that he could leave the rough stuff to Seth, who, he suspected, had shrewdly decided that this was how they should both play their parts.

"Pzzzz. Take the Press. A few letters appeared, asking what we were doing, but the local Press decided against the Festival from the first. Pzzzz. Which you would agree with me there, Mr. Town Clerk?"

"From the very first—yes. Mr. Corby-Smith—editor of our *Weekly Record*—co-opted by the committee—"

"Half a minute," cried Seth unpleasantly. "Why did yer have him on if yer knew what he thought before yer started? Know what I call that, chaps? Hanky-panky."

"Certainly no strong public feeling," the little Town Clerk continued hurriedly, addressing himself to the Commodore. "No noticeable wide demand at all—really none."

But the redoubtable Seth Hull could not be ignored in this fashion. "No wide demand! Course there wasn't. The only wide demand yer'll ever find round here—or in most other places—is for drinks, cigs, fish and chips, winners at ten to one, and slap and tickle and roly-poly. Wide demand! Strong public feeling! Don't come that stuff wi' me."

"Pzzzz. Pzzzz. Nobody is coming

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY do we say "all my eye and Betty Martin"? The story goes that a British sailor in an Italian church overheard a beggar praying: "Ah mihi, beate Martine." (Ah, help me, blessed St. Martin.) St. Martin is the patron of Italian beggars.

What the sailor thought the beggar said was: "All my eye and Betty Martin," and that's how he explained the invocation to his shipmates later. It sounded nonsense to them and thus the saying got its meaning.

any stuff with you," shouted the Mayor. "But haven't we just been told by this gentleman we've been shutting doors in people's faces, which was all because they wanted a Festival here and we decided against it, that isn't true when in fact nothing of the kind has happened? Pzzzz. You can't shut doors in people's faces if the people aren't there to have the doors shut in their faces."

"Allow me, Mr. Mayor," the Commodore broke in, "to say something about public demand. Our friend Mr. Hull is perfectly right, in my opinion. Most people only want what they understand, what they've already acquired a taste for, the familiar pleasures. If, when they do not even know what a Festival is, they are warned that their money may be spent on one, they will probably say no. Or at best be indifferent. Nobody knows better than I do," he continued grandly, like an elder statesman, "what the Press can accomplish, one way or the other. Or how a few well-chosen phrases, spoken by respected public figures like yourself, Mr. Mayor, can influence the people's opinion."

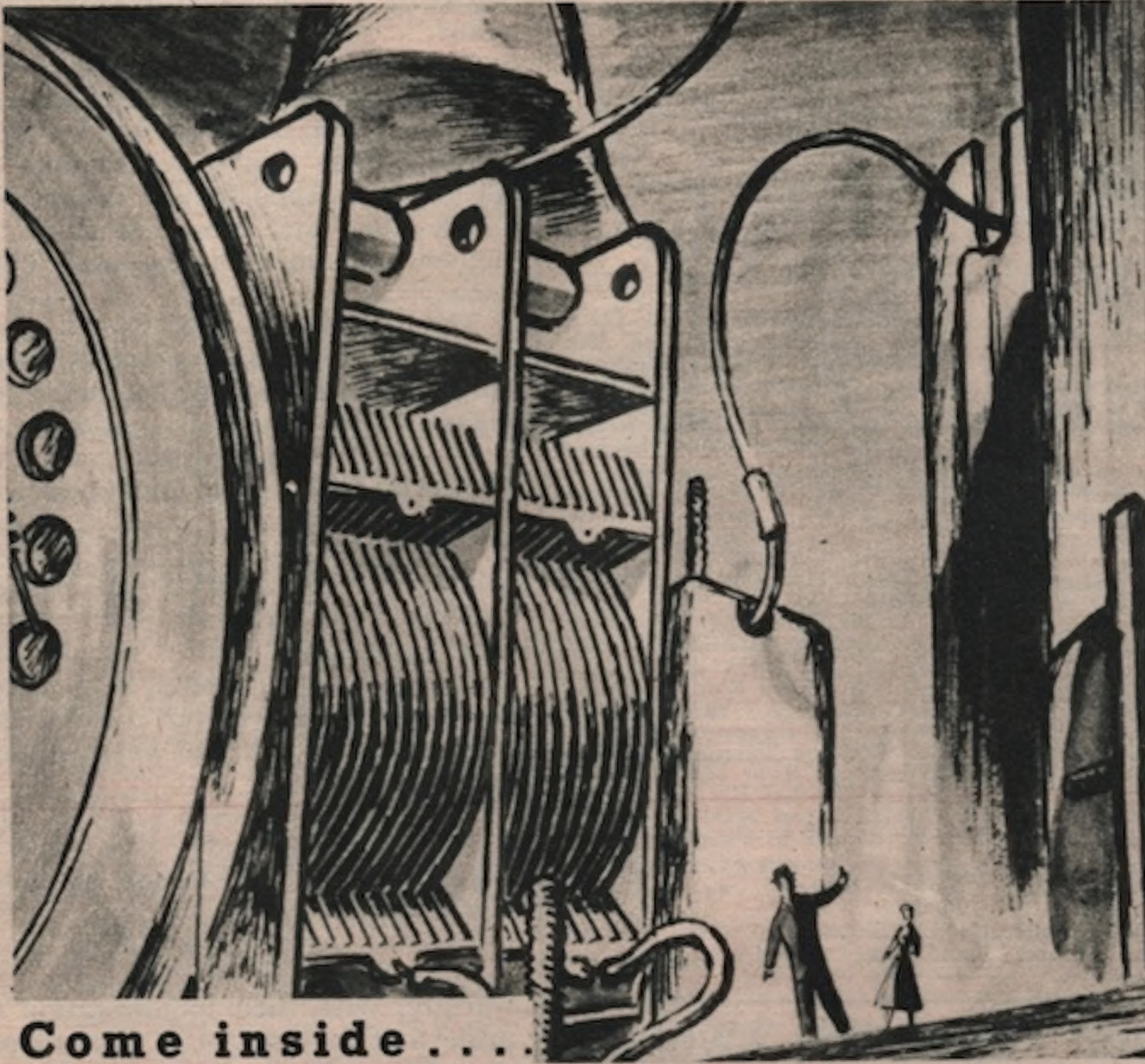
"Pzzzz." A sharp one. And now it looked as if the prosperous ironmonger rather than the civic dignitary was taking charge. He stared hard at the Commodore.

"With all due respect, Commodore Tribe," the Mayor said, "it isn't clear to me yet what your interest is in this matter."

"Now that's a dam' nice way to talk," Seth growled. "I bring along an important—"

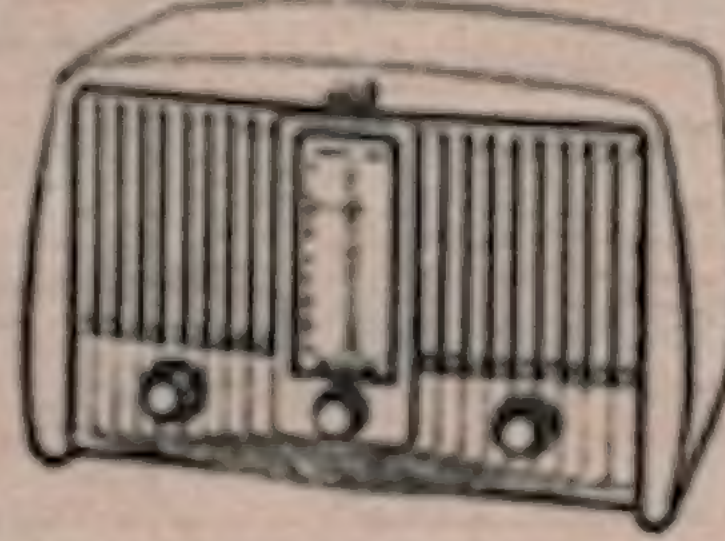
"No, please, Mr. Hull," said the Commodore, smiling, though he much disliked this new turn the conversation had taken. From now on it could be tricky. "Let me make myself clear, gentlemen. After this talk in London, some of it official, some of it quite informal, I felt curious about Farbridge and the Festival. I felt in a way almost responsible, having stayed for some time not far from here. Now I had some time on my hands, so I came here to find out for myself. I spoke to several people, including our friend Mr. Hull here, and found they were all sorry that no Festival had been arranged. Actually I had a list of influential people who want one. No doubt you'll tell me it's too late now."

"Well—yes," said the Town Clerk



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I'll Never Forget Last Monday!



Sid and I had arranged a night out, but I woke up with a nasty headache and felt a cold coming on.



I thought I should never be able to go. Before I was half way through my washing I felt "washed out" myself.



Then I remembered your tip and bought some "YEAST-VITE" Tablets and took two right away. When Sid came home my headache had gone.



My cold was giving way too, and I felt tons better. We had our night out after all, thanks to "YEAST-VITE."



When Headaches, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills or Rheumatic Twinges trouble you, take YEAST-VITE "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets at once. They quickly relieve pain, help to reduce fever AND, due to their valuable Vitamin B₁ and Caffeine content, this relief is followed by tonic stimulus.

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COST HIM HIS JOB**



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MILLIONAIRES, stars and celebrities galore fly to the Riviera sunshine for their holidays—and this year, so can you! Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, San Remo, the Maritime Alps—you'll visit them all during your stay at a luxurious Menton hotel, a few steps from the warm, sparkling waters of the Mediterranean.

Make the most of this opportunity to win £500 and a Riviera Holiday for Two. And notice that with this week's other chief cheques go invitations to JOHN BULL's first holiday party on the glorious coast of North Wales. Start now on some *Bullets* for your coupon below.

FIRST THRILLING HOLIDAY OFFER

£500 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

Winner and companion fly B.E.A. to Riviera. Luxurious accommodation at Menton, trips to Cannes, Nice, San Remo (Italy), Monte Carlo and Maritime Alps all provided by JOHN BULL and arranged by Cook's. (Cash in lieu if winner cannot join party.)

£50, £25, £10 each plus SEASIDE HOLIDAY for TWO

Ascent of Snowdon by mountain railway is one of the thrills awaiting you and your companion with *Bullets* Party at Llandudno. (Winners have alternative of joining JOHN BULL Party at Torquay.)

£9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £4 50 of £1, 2,000 "Good Shots"

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

FIRST SWISS HOLIDAY OFFER

and more Seaside Holidays in next week's JOHN BULL!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Festival
Out Of This World
Mother's Budget
The Big Noise
In The Government
Chinese Magician
Eagerly
Week In, Week Out
Too Common
Pound Of Flesh
Husbands Forget
Place For A Holiday
She Felt Lonely, So
One Mad Rush
A Dozen Officials And
Boiling Over
Not Very Bright
Escaped Unhurt
Appreciated
At Our Village Station

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Queen Of The.....
All Done By.....
Caught.....Napping
Peculiar To.....For Teacher
May Be A.....But

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,777 (or Xword 729), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated April 28, and in JOHN BULL, dated May 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues

1. Pictures hang on them
2. For a drunkard to do this to keep his spirits up is sheer foolishness
3. There's a type of house in which one gets these
4. In some human relations, one has to be this
5. Government must sometimes lament the fact that our people aren't easy to
6. A gardener shouldn't ignore these of a lawn

Down Clues

1. They are sometimes taken at public meetings
2. When one man robs another of almost all he possesses, it is this
3. A good deal of gas is naturally passed over in these
4. Can come in rather handy when mother's cleaning out drawing-room
5. Was a great asset to old-time highwayman
6. Most of the old masters' best paintings are this
7. Angry one can be really threatening
8. Pictures may well be burnt when one snuffs it
9. May keep things quiet for a time

"Bullets" Winners 1,772

FIRST PRIZE, £500: W. H. Scott, 54 Cecil Road, Rochester, Kent.
STEP ON IT AND SHOW OUR "PLATFORM'S" STRENGTH!
£50: T. Nicholson, 43 Hedworth Lane, Beldon Colliery, Durham: HURRY UP, SPRING—FOLLAGE MAKES GOOD CAMOUFLAGE!
£25: Mrs. E. Barber, 7 Lady Hill Terrace, Slitting Mill, Rugeley: NEXT TO BOARD—OUR FLAGSHIP—POP-EYE, PERHAPS?

OTHER AWARDS: £10: D. R. Barker, 33 Bartholomew Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent: UNTOLD MILLIONS—HATING UNKNOWN MILLIONS—WHY? £9: R. P. Davies, 33 Ynysllwyd Street, Aberdare: ATOMIC NIGHTMARE UNLESS BOTH "LESSONS" DIGESTED, £8: B. Schofield, 71 Irwin Road, St. Helens, Lancs: HURRY UP, SPRING—EVERY TWIG, BECKONING FINGER! £7: F. S. Griffin, Pottersbury, Towcester, Northants: CUT FROM THE JOINT—FLAVOURS THE MUSTARD, ANYHOW! £6: A. T. Cross, 1 Hill-top Avenue, Whitefield, Manchester: GAVE ALFIE A FACE—LIKE CHALK, Tailboard "LESSON." £5: Mrs. R. Lyons, 153 Pegwell Road, Ramsgate: "CALL THAT A YAWN?"—SAID OFFICIAL TO HIPPOPOTAMUS! £5: A. E. Pettitt, 4 Merceread Road, Seaford, Sussex: HURT DAD'S FEELINGS—DEALER WEIGHED HIS MOTOR-BIKE! (Above winners each also receives Easter Hamper as offered.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Easter Hamper, see "Bullets" *Bulletin*.
30 Prizes of 10s. plus Easter Hamper and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been dispatched.

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—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over



UP TO 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 724

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Pint, 3. Few, 5. Played, 9. Trunk, 10. Nip, 11. Larder, 14. Primed. DOWN: 2. Talks, 3. Feed, 4. City, 6. Clip, 7. Cross, 8. Raided or Railed, 12. Rom, 13. Cop.

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£100 and 5-lb. FOWL PRIZES for this XWORD

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	D	O		U	P						A	P		
	D	I	N				O	U	S	E				
15	E	E	D	S	729		P	E	E	R				

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)
Puzzle and Form strictly copyright 729 Closing Postmark Monday, April 9

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....
Signed.....
Address.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to three Clues will represent eight full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 21.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

hurriedly. "I'd hoped to make that point."

"Much too late. Pzzzz. We were told over six months ago, which was by this—Pzzzz—what's-it?—Arts Council, that said it would take us all our time then, which means it's much too late now. Pzzzz." A higher and almost triumphant hiss-buzz.

The Commodore, who had planned to encounter this moment, now sprang from his chair and waved his cigar. "By George, gentlemen—that's what I thought you'd say. In fact they told me in London it was too late. And now I'm going to say to you what I said to these London fellows, and it's this." He paused artfully. "For two pins, just to prove I'm right and you're wrong, I'll cancel my engagements, put everybody off, no matter what it costs, and stay here and run the Festival myself."

"Yer won't!" Seth's cry of delighted astonishment was superb, suggesting that a first-class character actor had been lost in him. "By crumpets! Now that's talking like a man." And he shook hands so warmly, with such manifestation of pride and joy, that the Commodore was almost deceived himself.

"Now don't say another word, Commodore," Seth continued. "Leave this to me."

The other two had said nothing. Mr. Hull's masterly little bravura performance had not given them much opportunity to speak; but apart from that, as was now evident when he and the Commodore turned to face them, it was clear that they did not know what to say.

SETH regarded them stonily. "After thirty years," he began slowly. "Every word heavy with doom. I reckon meself a Farbridge man. And I've got big interests i' this town, as yer ought to know by this time. And I'm ashamed of yer. Mayor and Town Clerk o' Farbridge—and I'm ashamed of yer. Nothing—not a word—to say, the pair of yer. An offer like that and not even a thank yer. Nothing but bloody poppycock and hanky-panky, that's all yer get round here."

"Now, now, Mr. Hull," said the Commodore blandly, "you're not being fair—"

"If you've still got patience to talk to 'em, well and good," cried Seth. "But not me. And they haven't heard last o' this." And he stumped out, banging the door behind him.

"Pzzzz. Pzzzz. Pzzzz." The Mayor was swarming rather than talking, but after a moment or two some words began to emerge. "Disgraceful! In the Mayor's Parlour, too! And in front of the Town Clerk—an official! I'll have him kept out of the town hall from now on, mark my words."

"Now, gentlemen," and the Commodore, who had been enjoying his

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For Introductory copy of <i>Bulletin</i> and <i>Gazette</i> dated April 21	NAME.....
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fine cigar, spoke soothingly, "I'm sorry about that little scene, for which you can't blame me—"

"No, no, Commodore—of course not—we're only sorry—"

"Pzzzz. You've behaved like a perfect gentleman throughout, which anybody can see you are, too, Commodore." The Mayor was calming down now. "And what you said just took you by surprise, that's all—"

"Of course it did. And I thought it would." The Commodore smiled at them. "Now then, I've taken enough of your valuable time, gentlemen. What I suggest is this. If I can prove to you, within the next week or two, that there is in fact a very considerable demand for a Farbridge Festival and that your committee was mistaken, you will reconsider its unfortunate decision. On the understanding—because otherwise I leave you in an unhappy position—that, given a suitable grant, and, of course, we can go into all that later, I will make myself responsible for the whole Festival programme and arrangements. And these, of course, can be submitted for the approval of any committee you care to set up, if you should think that necessary. And in this way, gentlemen," he concluded grandly, "I keep my word, I make good my boast."

THE Mayor and the Town Clerk exchanged troubled glances. They looked like men who felt, obscurely, that they had been manipulated into occupying a false position; but somehow there was nothing they could do about it now.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said the Town Clerk, "I feel—very fair and reasonable offer—depending, of course, upon whether any demand really exists—ought to accept—grateful to Commodore Tribe—"

"Pzzzz. I agree with you, Mr. Meare, which doesn't mean we can commit ourselves or the council at this stage, but we can promise to regard this as still an open question, which it is if the public feeling is what you say it is, Commodore, and you can prove it."

"That's all I ask, gentlemen," said the Commodore, smiling. "Incidentally, I can be found at the White Hart, but if you have any message and I don't happen to be there, then my secretary, Miss Casey, or my personal assistant, Mr. Jenks, can deal with any inquiry. Just ask for my office. Oh!—and as you probably don't know anything about me—I've spent so much time abroad that I've been overlooked recently by *Who's Who*—I'll let you have some details of my career. You'd probably like to have them, wouldn't you? Well, good afternoon, gentlemen. We shall meet again soon, I trust. Good afternoon."

Seth Hull was waiting below, as the Commodore thought he would be. "Worked, didn't it?"

"Admirably," said the Commodore. "Thanks to you chiefly, I imagine, Seth. They're not committed to much, but it's ten to one they'll try to uncommit themselves if there's strong opposition. Though it's possible we may have hooked the Mayor, who looks to me a vain, obstinate fellow and won't easily admit he's been made a fool of. The other chap's more intelligent—but very weak."

"Couple o' twerps, like I told yer," said Seth complacently. "Well, now, yer'd better start running round a bit and starting up this public demand they talk so much about. Might run a meeting."

"I have it in mind," said the Commodore.

To be continued next week

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Says Mrs. E. M., Liverpool.

"I must tell you of my wonderfully improved health since first taking your 'Bismag' tablets. For years I have been unable to enjoy a meal without suffering agonies with indigestion... I used to dread eating even the lightest foods. After trying many remedies, I decided to try 'Bismag' and the results seemed almost miraculous. I now look forward to my meals, and can eat anything, knowing that one 'Bismag' tablet will prevent all pain and discomfort afterwards."

'Bisurated' Magnesia CALL IT 'BISMAG' FOR SHORT

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH MIXTURE

The Ideal Family Remedy for Coughs, "Chesty" Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Children's Coughs, Night Coughs.

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